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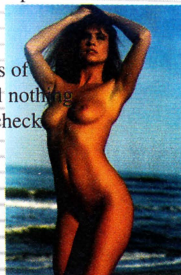
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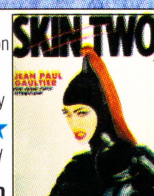
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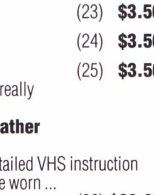
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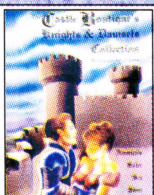
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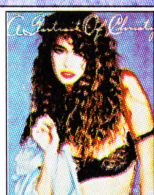
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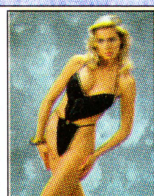
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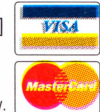
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Sex in the Workplace

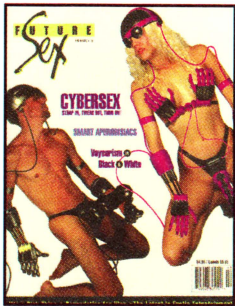
I liked a lot of things about *Future Sex*—the extremely contemporary blend of elements that constitute erotica in the workplace, and particularly some of the very dynamic art direction.

What I didn't like—maybe surprisingly—were the nudes. Up to that point you had created a fascinating context of fantasy inside technology. Then, what a letdown—nude photographs utterly indistinguishable, except for the better quality of the paper, from mainstream nude books.

Maybe this was a money decision to cast the widest possible net for an audience—God knows, in this economic environment, we need all the readers we can get. But if I had to react, I'd say the direction to pursue is this: Dramatize and play with the extraordinary levels of sexuality in the workplace. The appetite for that, I'm sure, is bottomless (is that the right word to use?)

With Good Wishes,

Duncan Christy
Forbes Magazine



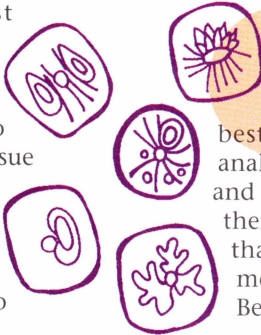
Lisa Palac's "Getting Behind the Future" has a great line: "Worrying about what's normal spells instant bed death." She should drop that guy Norm. Hemorrhoids are gold mines. Touching them erects me instantly. I'm all for ass-fucking. "Completely undone" says best what I'm into:

not coming, enjoying the trip. Read Roland Barthes book *S/Z* about the language of denial and delay and how Honore Balzac keeps leading and promising the reader and then apply it to sex.

Matthew Crain
San Francisco

"Getting Behind the Future" was one of the best pieces I've ever read on anal sex. As far as hemorrhoids and anal sex—I tell men to call them "labia" more interesting than 'roids. I've enclosed the more romantic Chinese view. Be Well,

Dr. Dean Edell
KGO-TV
San Francisco, CA



Brave, Nude Laura

I applaud Laura Fraser for posing in *Future Sex* and you can tell her I think she has a great body.

Art Pierce
Alameda, CA



Where's the Beef?

After reading the second issue of *Future Sex*, I am at once aroused, excited and bitterly disappointed. You claim to be a magazine about sex for both men and women. And yet all of your photos focus on women only. The one photo spread of a man and women showed many shots of female genitalia. Where

is equality in all of this? This is just as coy as traditional men's magazines. I want to see men's things — hard and in action! Are you afraid that your male readership is going to be offended and overwhelmed by the sight of a hard dick? I don't think so. Here's wishing you more nerve and more balls—literally—in your third issue.

Ron Kovas
Atherton, CA

Bottoms Up

I like your goddamn magazine! In Issue #2, I liked Robert Adler's photo of the woman ass-up over the ottoman; maybe she rents that room and meditates in that position with the door open letting whoever cares to, look or take her. It is the ottoman and how its skirt wrinkles that implies a delicious and nervy drama. The best photo by

Egon in the "Dionysian Meltdown" spread is the one showing everyone clothed and talking except for the blond nude: erotic and how. I liked Richard Pacheco's article "What Me, Impotent?" I love hearing stories from porn studs and stars. I'd try

the Cybersex things but shiny purple doesn't turn me on.



Camille Paglia Gets Hot

Thanks for the magazine, which I think is great. My favorite sequence was *Salonge*—especially the picture on the bottom of page 41, which has it all!! (Hair, lips, eyes, etc.) Very hot. Good luck in your new venture!

Camille Paglia
University of the Arts
Philadelphia, PA

Fuzzy Logic

Cameraboy, whatever they're payin' you, it ain't enough. I'm lookin' at the "8:32 PM" photo layout in Issue #2. Actually, I've been lookin' at it for about two weeks. My head's just startin' to get unfuzzy. You gotta gift, dude.



J.J. Solari
Burbank, CA

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The beaver shot is

fired from a loaded gun. It's the one sexual image that generally evokes a strong negative response.

Although the first issue of *Future Sex* wasn't perfect, we presented what I considered to be artful, erotic and powerful images of female sexuality—which included showing female genitals. But when I showed this issue to some people who supposedly support erotic expression, they were anything but supportive. They thumbed through the magazine, took one look at the beaver shots and said *Future Sex* was no different from any other sleazy skin magazine. No different. I was shocked, saddened and bewildered. What is it about the beaver shot that so many people find offensive?

Is it the very word beaver?

educational as well, because there were plenty of people who had no clue what a labia was—they thought I was Italian. In a small but significant way, I realized just how much basic sex information people were missing. They couldn't identify women's body parts, much less enjoy them. But a lack of information never stopped the know-it-alls from spouting their irrefutable opinions.

One such opinion seems to be that if a woman has her legs closed it's erotica, and if they're spread, it's pornography. Erotica=Good. Porn=Bad. Therefore, an image of a woman with her legs wide open, showing her pearl to the world is really, really bad.

camera angle and garish lingerie as we've done in *Future Sex*—people still pass judgment when they see an exposed vulva. It seems that for many otherwise open-minded individuals, a beaver shot—no matter how artfully presented—is *inherently* degrading and offensive. Therefore, if a woman displays her genitals, she is automatically degrading herself. If she shows her tits or ass, she might be called a bimbo, but if she spreads her legs she has crossed the line into total denigration.

So I asked my staff (who still enjoy porn after hours): Why are so many people offended by the sight of female genitals?

Beauty and the BEAVER

BY LISA PALAC

Maybe some people don't like the word *beaver*, the same way they don't like the word *pornography*, because of its root meaning.

Pornography, in the most archaic sense, means "writing about harlots"—writing about whores, not love. But the etymology of beaver simply began as slang for men's facial hair, eventually made its way down to pubic hair and soon became street code for catching a glimpse of a woman without underwear. Like pussy, clam, mink and monkey, beaver is just another silly, ice-breaking euphemism for sex parts. It can also be a convenient way to avoid talking about the complex, often difficult subject of sex.

When I first started doing sex writing, I used a pen name: Lisa LaBia. I wasn't trying to hide my identity, I just wanted a name that was sex-positive, catchy and fun. It turned out to be

In our opinion, however, the only thing makes a beaver shot bad is lousy photography. I agree that the beavers in most men's sex magazines are often (but not always) depicted crassly and artificially. Here's a typical example: A woman with last decade's hairdo wearing lots of lip gloss, fake nails and heels, purses her lips together in feigned ecstasy while she pulls her inner pussy lips wide apart. Is she supposed to be masturbating or checking for yeast? I'm sorry, but when women get turned on they do not sit around fanning out their labia. This is a phony formula for female arousal.

But I've found that even if you take away the ostensibly offensive factors—the synthetic pose, the intrusive



Erotica

The idea that a certain part of my body—or any woman's body—is so dirty or so shameful that it can't be seen is, to me, completely offensive.

"But it's not the body part that offends everyone," Allison said, "it's the camera angle. Those close-up spread shots, they're so...internal. It's like looking at close-ups of people sticking their tongues way out. It's just not *attractive*." Maybe so, but you can't find newsstands full of magazines showing women (or men) with their mouths gaping open like patients in a dentist's chair. Clearly, some people find split beavers *very* attractive.

However, Allison is not alone. At our office, we get just about every beaver mag published in America. Some we keep, some get thrown in the trash, others disappear into the men's room and are never seen again. But everyone looks at them and everyone has had the "Ugh! That's gross" reaction at least once—including me. I am a veteran of pussy shots and yet even I find the totally spread-open, see-up-the canal, bright red and juicy shots somehow, well...frightening. Even though 70s feminist liberation was all about celebrating the beauty of the female flower, sometimes I can't help thinking that it looks more like raw meat.



Pornography

I know I should be completely cunt-positive and love all labias equally, but when I look through these magazines, I find myself doing the same as when I look through *Vogue*: comparing myself to them and comparing them to each other. God, does mine look like *that*? Oh, that's a nice tender pink one. Eeew! A dripping wet, red one. Wow, she's got a big clit. Hmmm...completely shaved. Even in Beaverworld, there are standards of beauty. Small, shaved, pink and glistening—but not gushing—pussies are more popular than the hairy, red, sopping wet ones. It's interesting to note, that the more turned-on a woman is, the more puffy, red, wet and hungry her cunt gets. Face it, there's nothing lady-

like about an eager beaver shot. Yet it's this very image that we have the strongest negative reaction to. By dismissing this image as gross or unattractive, it's like saying that real female arousal is simply repulsive.

This doesn't mean all beaver shots must be applauded. Women in particular are bugged by the just-a-hole concept; the glut of close-cropped photos of cunts without a face, body or personality. Some say we wouldn't be so uptight about it if there were plenty of cocks for us to look at, but same doesn't mean equal. A split beaver says more than just "private part peek-a-boo," it says "always ready to get fucked." Split beavers are in a constant state of sexual availability. If there were images of men that showed them naked (except for uncomfortable, spike-heeled shoes, of course) on all fours spreading their asscheeks apart and

making that "ooohh, yeah" face, then maybe the scales would start to tip.

In the meantime, take a look at "Autoerotic" (page 32) and see an authentic female orgasm. Or real intimacy in "Click" (page 16). *Future Sex* is dedicated to presenting the most honest picture of sexuality we can, but it's up to our readers to confront their own feelings about that picture. So the next time you're offended by a beaver shot, don't just turn the page. Ask yourself why. Why is it that a woman posed as if she's craving sex is seen as vulnerable rather than powerful? Degraded rather than dignified? Why is it a turn-off?

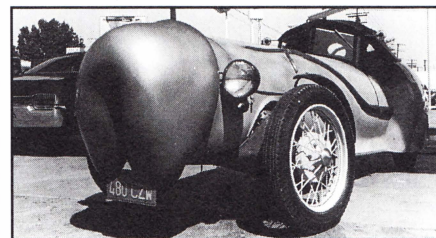
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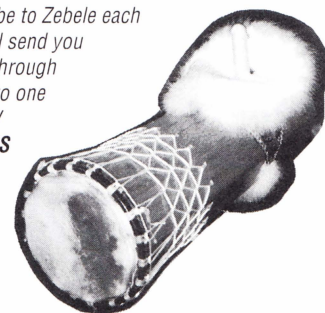


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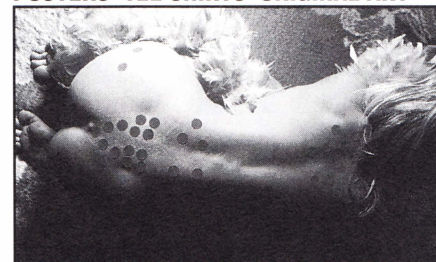
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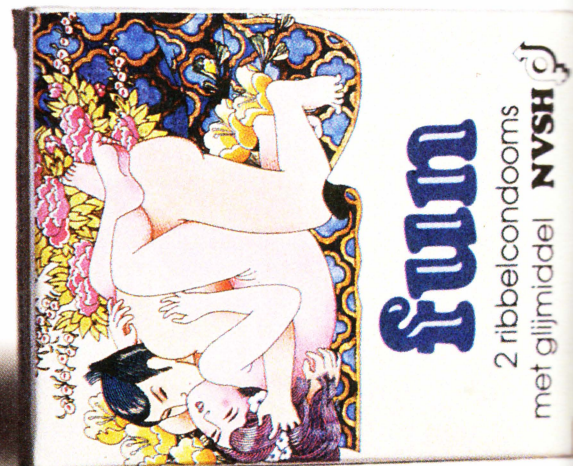
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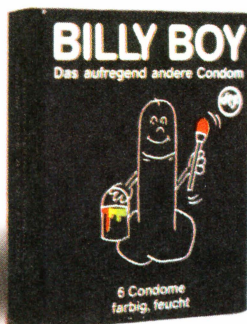
A FIRST-HAND REPORT FROM AN AMSTERDAM LOVE CLUB



Swedish woman

A in her late thirties, exceptionally pretty, is bound by her wrists to an overhead bar. Her pink latex dress is pulled up to her waist. Two Englishmen in their fifties, both dressed in black, stand beside her with a cat o' nine tails and a riding crop. A heavily synthesized beat plays through speakers on either side of the room. Their blows land with perfect timing, in synchrony with the music, so that if you closed your eyes you'd swear the percussion was part of the song. The Swedish woman has her eyes open, however, and she's watching herself in the mirror, if through dark glasses, smiling. Welts crisscross her torso, but she dances serenely.

Her pleasure was just part of The Safer Sex Maniac's Jack n' Jill-Off Night in Amsterdam. This group sex event, for women and men of all erotic persuasions, took place the final day of the VIII International Conference on AIDS. A flier for the party announced: "If you are nervous in the vicinity of 'unusual activity' this might not be your cup of tea." At the party, signs were more to the point: "Safe kink, showing



off, and good humor are encouraged!" and "Please call for clean up of any large body fluid spills."

The point was sex—but safe sex only. Monitors wearing red armbands circled the three rooms of the Society for the Promotion of Interpersonal Contacts, better known simply as Mistress Shiva's. Their job was to ensure that all sex was protected, and to facilitate the sort of play that keeps roomfuls like these from resembling embarrassed high schoolers at a junior prom. In a space towards the back, a large table had been covered in plastic. From the ceiling was a nun's costume draped from a hanger, with a giant gold cross suspended from that. Surgical gloves, shackles, condoms, and lubricant on a counter nearby gave further indication that this wasn't church.

But a vase of tulips, planted beside the accessories, did make it clear that this was the Netherlands, even if the 50-some guests were from a half-dozen countries ("I'm from Malta," one proud fellow in a leather chest harness was telling everyone). As was Robert Morgan, who'd come from San Francisco to Amsterdam to supervise the evening, and at six-foot-two had greeted me at the door in high heels, leather leggings, matching bustier and vest. He was instructing a mesmerized audience on the techniques of fist-fucking. "For starters," he told us, "you look in the eyes."

Robert Morgan and Carol Queen, a writer who runs safe sex parties in the San Francisco Bay Area, had teamed with Tuppy Owens, their London counterpart, to mastermind what was being billed as "Europe's First Pan-Sexual Safer Sex Night"—one designed to "combine promiscuous, anonymous fun...with the realities of HIV." Tuppy had come across the Channel, in search of the lax laws and carnal tolerance that have made Amsterdam famous as a City of Sex. That evening, she was full of revelry and renegade spirit. "I'd get put in prison for doing this in England," she told me.

Amsterdam's a city without a puritan heritage. With 5,000 prostitutes, 300 window brothels, and 50 private sex clubs in the city alone (if you follow the official statistics), prostitution is not even a punishable offense. "The red light district plays a certain role in attracting tourists, but I think Rembrandt is much more important," admits Amsterdam's mayor Ed van Thijn. Still, the red light district, not the Rijksmuseum, is walking distance from the train station. And at 50 guilders (\$30) for "a fuck or suck," an afternoon in the area's not much more than museum admission.

The ticket for admission to Mistress Shiva's read: "For this party to work properly, certain guidelines must be understood." The first was "Ask before touching." Many did, then revealed in the liberties that accompanied a

yes. Another, different, set of rules were: "You will be required to wear shoes," and, "Use gloves or other protective barriers for insertion into orifices." The space heated up quickly. Misplaced modesty had me wear a T-shirt, though I pulled that off when I grew too hot. With the help of the ample background lighting cozy dungeons normally provide, I took assiduous notes that help explain why others chain-smoke in unfamiliar social settings. Tuppy ran by me looking for adult diapers while I paraded around in flowered boxers I'd picked up in a department store in Milan. A California prostitute, working as a monitor, wore a white bra and panties, and circled the club telling everybody she felt funny undressed. Another woman, wearing not much more, saw me from across a room, and shouted, "Look, there's the journalist! Be careful, somebody might learn something!"

But what she meant was that people might see that sex could be safe, and sex could be fun—and this, of course, was why we were there that night. "Scientists won't get it straight," Carol Queen told me. "We wanted to emphasize the safe sex aspects of this party, not only to the people who might attend, but to the folks at the conference, who spend a lot of time thinking about T-cells and protease, and insufficient time, in our view, about the ways prevention can be eroticized."

At the party, experience was first-hand, and all the studies, pamphlets, and videos paled beside the real thing. Britain's *Independent* had asked its medical correspondent to expose everyone at the party, but she was so uncomfortable with the surroundings that she left before the evening began. So she missed the demonstration of novel uses for a fist. She missed the man, who'd been walking around naked all night showing off his shaved pubis, finally receiving a blow job for his birthday. She missed the basket of Euroglider condoms, manufactured in the Hague, that came packaged in a royal blue wrapper with a crescent of gold stars, and seemed to say, "Use these and we'll really have a European Community." She missed Slave Hank, who dressed as an English butler and guarded the coat-room, ensuring that our belongings, and not only the sex, were safe. Most of all, she missed the international groping and fondling that promised to herald a new safe sex détente.

Fleshly gatherings like this demonstrate that the AIDS epidemic doesn't necessitate celibacy or monogamy, just intelligent and eroticized precautions. One recent study reports sexual intercourse occurs more than 100 million times each day. Abstinence clearly isn't a viable answer. "We're here to change models of behavior," Robert Morgan told me, and his dress that evening underscored this clearly. Carol cooed, "You're so greedy! You're so greedy!" as gloved fingers, and then a palm, then an entire wrist disappeared inside him. Robert, cool, almost cosmic on his back, looking as if he were about to give birth, preached to everyone gathered: "Read *Anal Health and Pleasure! Read Hand Balling!*"

An enchanted crowd of thirty watched him. The Swedish woman, released from her bonds, held Robert's head gently, while she continued to dance, extracting rhythm from her hips. Two other women ran nails across his chest. Their voices were hushed. The lights were soft. No one else said a word. I thought to myself, I've slept with women behind closed doors without half the intimacy on the table before me. An Englishman to my right said: "I have a friend in Tangier. He says the prostitutes there are so inexpensive, he can afford two a night." I laughed nervously. Someone turned and said, "Shhhh!" Then the quiet enveloped us again, like a blanket. An Italian woman arrived with her boyfriend.

Not realizing they had to change out of their street clothes, they sheepishly stripped to their underwear and necked in a corner.

Still, safe sex parties aren't indigenous to Amsterdam. "Sex is moving up," says Robert. "There's a lot more people engaged in sex out in the open. The more people see this behavior as available and hot, the better off the public is going to be. The methods we use are the only ones we know that work. And the nicest thing about these parties is

I can walk away afterwards, and say, 'I had a real good time, and I don't have a disease.'"

The conference itself drew more than 11,000 delegates from 149 countries. This June, they will convene again in Berlin. The invitation to the Jack n' Jill Off had predicted a bevy of "teachers, healers, strumpets, studs, pilgrims, and party animals." What I found was a crew of the internationally curious and the globally adept. "We were going to have orgasmically induced fund-raising," Tuppy told me. "But then the fist-fucking took over and that was very contemplative." By the end of the evening, Tuppy wasn't wearing much more than a smile, and she was gearing up for her annual Royal Sex Maniac's Ball in London, that would feature a "Royal Messy Tea Party," "Naughty Knight's Peeping Box," and something beguilingly named "The Aristocratic Encounter Chamber." Robert had changed from his heels. It was two o'clock in the morning, and we all made towards the door. "See what I'm left

with?" he asked, as we headed home. "A padlocked high heel shoe in one hand, and a bottle of lube in the other." But we were leaving the party with a new understanding, as well. "The Nancy Reagan 'Just Say No' model doesn't work with sex," Robert says. And he is right. For in this tiny dungeon in the center of Amsterdam there were those

around me who were determined to keep saying yes; who see another side to a suffocating AIDS epidemic: a side excluded from news reports, where there is still plenty of passion and hope.



For more information on safe sex call San Francisco Sex Information: (415)621-7300

James Sturz writes often about sex issues and European cultural events. He has just finished a novel, replete with both, set in New York and Italy.



Phyllis Christopher

BLACK

ON

BY DAVID KEITH

WHITE

ON

BY MARILYN DRAKE

BLACK

Though both of my great-grandmothers were French and white, my skin color and dreadlocks say I am black. Those who look closely at me can see the mix in the shape of my face and in the lightness of my eyes, but to most, I am a black man. With this racial label comes a variety of stigmas. The greatest of these is the stigma of sex. To many whites, I have a supernatural sex drive. I can procreate almost by osmosis. My penis is the stuff of legend. Perhaps that is what the two 19-year-old coeds at Duke University were thinking when they deflowered me, a naive 13-year-old, at a tennis tournament held at the college.

Cristy, a petite blond, and her wispy brunette roommate, Anne, invited me to a party after my second-round match. They got me stoned and drunk. They took me back to their dorm room and fucked the virgin out of me. One girl kissed me as the other sucked my penis. One girl sat on my face as the other rode me like a bronco. They licked me everywhere, tucked me in and kissed me goodnight. During the sex play, I was so blissed out that all I can remember is giggling a lot. The following morning—and for the rest of the tournament—I was stunned. I didn't mention to the event to any other players, mostly for fear that they wouldn't believe me, even though Cristy and Anne watched all

TWO VIEWS ON SEX, RACE AND CARNAL KNOWLEDGE

I can walk into any crowded singles bar and be totally ignored by dozens of pink-cheeked white boys—but the lone black man sitting quietly in the back of the room will invariably spot me the moment I come through the door, and within minutes will appear by my side to buy me a drink.

"What is it with you guys?" I ask, once I get to know them. "Why are black men attracted to me?" Answers have included "You aren't a string bean," "I love blonde hair" and "You look like you can go for a long ride." One long-term lover told me years later that he took one look at me and thought, "That woman loves to fuck."

I do, I do—but how come black men can see it, no matter what I'm wearing, how much I weigh, or whatever my hair color of the moment?

I'm not complaining; I'm just as attracted to black guys as they are to me. I grew up in and around New York City at a time when racial tensions there hadn't escalated to the fever pitch of today. My parents were typical Jewish liberals who gave out the double message that (1) blacks were being oppressed and as decent Jews it was our duty to support the civil rights struggle, *but* (2) blacks were intellectually inferior to us, were prone to random violence and were certainly not candidates for romance. I immediately absorbed point number one, and rebelled against point number two. The ultimate metaphor of my life is contained in the following incident: I went to a party at a fabulous ski chalet with maybe 200 rich Jewish lawyers in attendance, and went home with the black drummer.

Sexual relations between black men and Jewish women

of my subsequent matches. They were young and pretty, and I think truly enjoyed screwing my young ass to death.

From that point on, I have had myriad sexual encounters with women, all of whom have been white. And not because of that fear white men have—the one that says all black men, in their heart of hearts, want to bed white women *only* as a payback for being held in chains. My attraction stems from something else. I was raised in private, all-boys schools, and often was the only black in my class. I was raised to live and prosper in the white man's world, much to certain white people's chagrin. There's nothing more threatening to them than to see their cloistered world smashed by an intelligent black face.

In high school, the white boys would tell me that I wasn't really black: deep inside I was white like they were. The white Catholic girls would date me because to them I was

exotic, and it also showed how liberal they were. They would tell me that there were niggers and black people and I was the latter—until there was a conflict, usually racial. If white boys called me nigger, I hit them—automatically. Unbeknownst to them, however, their little prim, Catholic “sisters” thought I was a sex god. How ridiculous.

For years I took advantage of the white boys' fear and the white girls' want and exercised my sexual libido to my heart's delight. I was

able to go out with girls, and then fuck their friends; I wasn't being mean—they wanted me! They wanted BLACK. I was the only one around who wasn't threatening in the television way. I wasn't holding up banks. I wasn't raping mothers, and to top it all off, I spoke proper English. They could even take me home to meet their mothers, for Christ's sake! “What a nice young *black* man,” was a phrase I heard often from parents. I felt like I was a black Eddie Haskell.

I'd go out with sisters and more often than not, they wouldn't mind sharing. I'd go out with older women. On one occasion, I did both things at once. When I was 18, I frequented a bar in the suburban east coast town of Herndon, Virginia. One night (while out with two friends I dated) I saw an extremely attractive older white woman eyeing me. On my friends' insistence, I walked up and introduced myself. Within minutes, Annette gave



are so common as to be a stereotype and, like all stereotypes, contain a germ of truth. Blacks and Jews have a long complicated history that make the attraction particularly potent. Racism and anti-Semitism go hand in hand, making Jews and blacks natural allies; Jews have historically been in the forefront of progressive politics, and the civil rights movement was no exception. On the other hand, Jews who've “made it”, like the landlords and merchants of Harlem, have been notorious in their exploitation of the black community and some blacks regard Jews as their “number one” enemy. Just look at the hateful and tragic battles waged in New York neighborhoods in recent years. (I was therefore pissed when Spike Lee chose to examine interracial love in *Jungle Fever* via a relationship between a black man and an *Italian* woman, assiduously avoiding “the Jewish thing.”)

But back to my drummer. He was only one in a long line of black lovers that began in the early 70s with Jody, another musician.

Jody was the only Afro-American within a hundred-mile radius of the small artsy town I lived in, populated largely by white hippie dropouts. He was

about 6'4" and husky, with a velvet voice that delivered soulful ballads, new rockers, and socially-relevant folk tunes. From onstage he'd work the room with his eyes, select a female candidate, sing directly to her and bed down with her after the show. Seldom were these encounters one-night stands—Jody maintained a steady coterie of lovers who, incidentally, guaranteed him an eternally receptive audience.

To this day, my first night with Jody provides me with hot masturbation material. He ate me for hours, in a way that I'd never been eaten before. I was champing at

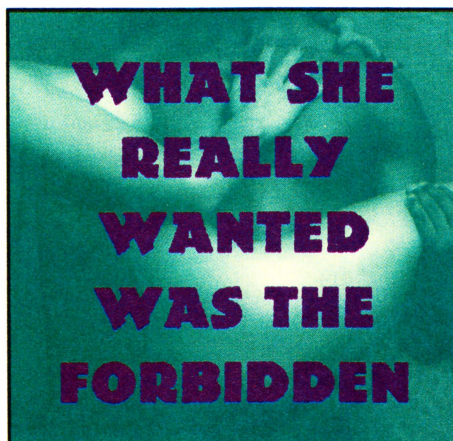
the bit for my first black cock, but I didn't get to see it much less touch the thing until the next morning. Jody held my hips in his large hands; the stark contrast of ebony skin on alabaster white took my breath away. He buried his head between my legs and ravaged my pussy the way a starving man would a piece of filet mignon—except I was no hunk of dead meat. Jody paid exquisite attention to my reactions, varying the pressure and tempo of his tongue, fingering my pussy and playing my body the way he played his guitar, sometimes hard, sometimes soft, always reverentially. When he finally gave me his cock, he let it sink all the way in, laid his massive weight

Craig Morey

me her number. Now this was a 32-year old woman who lived in one of the swanky parts of Washington, D.C. and she wanted me. Why? As she said once during sex, "I love your beautiful black ass." I laughed. Perhaps it should have hurt but I was fucking her too. At least she was honest. She wanted a lover she could dispose of; fair enough. But what she really wanted was the forbidden: a piece of young black meat. Apparently, so did her sister. Annette introduced me to her 23-year-old sibling who was immediately attracted to me. One weekend, when Annette had gone out of town on a business trip, her sister and I ended up in bed, which ruined my relationship with Annette. She came home a day early only to find both of us, naked, in *her* bed.

I have been an object all my life. To you, I am Michael Jordan and Michael Jackson. You buy my culture's style. And what you can't purchase, you take like a strong-arm robber. Fortunately, I have never fully experienced blackness as dictated by you, your media. I am not

the crack-smoking, car-jacking, gun-toting young nigger you want all of us to be. I've never been to the ghetto, and I've rarely talked to the homies on the street, even though I understand their



plight perhaps better than they do. I intimately know the underbelly of the power structure in which they flounder—I was raised with its sons and daughters.

The trade-off is that I never have been and never will be intimate with a black woman. They either want the re-tooled prison clothing look, or a slicked-down suit, conservative or otherwise. Suits make me uncomfortable. I will not wear the "urban fashion" of baggy jeans and oversized coats worn by so many B-Boys, B-Girls, and Wanna Bs because I know its roots lay in the prisons which house so many black men. A prisoner wears what's given to him and most of the time that means out-sized pants, shirts, jackets and no belt. My clothing is typical San Francisco wear: crumpled jeans, thrift store shirts, Docs and a biker jacket. Conversely, the black women who have had experiences similar to mine are attracted to white men.

Another result of my upbringing is that I have no commonality of experience with most urban blacks. The projects that are two blocks away from where I live on Haight Street might as well be two light years away. As soon as I open my mouth, I am hands off to the

upon me, and remained perfectly still. I had never come during intercourse, but as I wriggled against this solid whale of a man, my cunt exploded. Jody held steady, riding the waves of my orgasm, his hands gripping my ass, his big body pressed against mine, firmly anchoring me. He gazed down at my face as it dissolved in pleasure...and he *laughed*. I'll never know exactly why he laughed when I came—but it intensified my orgasm.

"It's like my mama always told me," he murmured when I'd quieted down, "you gotta put the meat in the fat and let it soak awhile." With that, he proceeded to fuck me long and hard.

In the morning, when I crawled under the covers to rouse Jody's cock, I was surprised to discover an average-size organ—in fact, it was slightly smaller than most of the white dicks I'd known. *Poof!* went the myth of super-sized black dicks.

Outside of bed, I noticed that I felt more independent with Jody than I did with my white lovers. In our culture's pecking order, white men are at the top, white women second, then black men, with black women on the bottom. While the whole sick system is deplorable, one result of it is that relations between

black men and white women become a bit more equalized than those between white men and white women. With Jody, I was almost always the one who chose a movie or decided whether or not we went to a party, and I *always* drove the car. I initiated sex at least as often as he did, and for the first time in my life I told a man exactly what felt good—though most of the time Jody did fine without my input. With Jody, as with no white man, I'd found sexual bliss without surrendering my autonomy—so it wasn't surprising that when Jody moved cross-country, I continued to seek out black lovers.

I learned that Jody's cock size was no aberration; black men run the gamut the same as white men. I was crushed to discover, however, that not all black men are excellent lovers.

There was the upstairs neighbor who pounded my cunt for 45 minutes, his sweat drenching my hair and face until he shot his wad, then bolted upright and said "Let's take a shower." There was the guy with a very fat cockhead who complained about my teeth during my valiant attempts at a blowjob. There was the guy who never once touched, tasted or looked at my pussy. And there was one frightening experience with an *a cappella* singer who

threatened to hurt me if I didn't remove the diaphragm that was disturbing his oh-so-sensitive organ.

But Leon made up for all of them. He and I shared a long-distance relationship for eight years. We'd spend whole weekends in bed, waking up every few hours to fuck and suck. Our relationship wasn't conducted only between the sheets, we actually went places together, and that's when I discovered another element of my attraction to black men. Though the barbed looks of hatred and disapproval we often received made me shiver, my fear was outweighed by the satisfaction I derived from the statement I was making: Fuck you, Amerika. Fuck you with your racism and stupidity.

But not all hostile stares made me feel so cavalier. When black women cut their eyes at us, I shriveled inside; I'd read black feminists' admonitions to white women that said "Don't think you're ending racism by stealing our men," so I did not feel particularly proud in front of them. I knew that not only did they judge *me*, but also the black men who had, in essence, rejected them. I myself harbored suspicions about his choice. When a black man chooses white women exclusively, is he

black community yet I am wanted by white women who dare to venture into my world. Those who did, have had their lives changed forever.

It's not easy. I have had a gun aimed at me by the father of a white woman I dated. When I walk down the street with a white woman I am sometimes viewed by many white men like a dog who has shit on the lawn; even the ones in their rock and roll leather, even the ones in their Seattle grunge flannel shirts. The woman I am with is eyed with a certain contempt. The look says "I don't understand! After all we did to protect you. How can you do this to me, to us? You are white." Some women have held me closer when this happens. They hold their heads higher, proud to be with me. My white wife does this now, even as her own family disowns her because of her marriage to a black man. Others have bowed their heads in discomfort and shame; for them, the pressure was too much, and the relationship basically ended there. Those women who felt

shame were able to run back to their whiteness unscathed and act as if the relationship never happened. For those with courage, however, the taboo of blackness is broken; in fact, there is no taboo at all except in those narrow white minds who only see the stereotype and not the real person.

My attraction to white women is simply a product of the world in which I was raised but can never fully participate—the white world. For my partner and I, our marriage symbolizes there never were any taboos. We unwittingly stumbled into this uncharted territory of interracial relationships. With full knowledge of what we may represent to those who see only black and white, my wife and I live our truth, knowing that our love is defined by self not sex, and ultimately defined by our spirits and not our color.

David Keith is a musician, tennis instructor and writer living in San Francisco.

acting out of internalized oppression? I felt better when my partners dated both black and white women, which most of them did. Still, I squirmed with hot shame around the sisters—but never felt sufficiently cowed to give up what I'd found, which was much more than a good fuck: it was also an entry into real black culture. I wasn't naive enough to think I was ending racism, but in our segregated society, bedding down with a black man has been, for me, the most effective way of crossing the color line.

I've heard white men say that my attraction to black men is masochistic. I've been told I'm trying to get even with my father (long dead). White women friends eyed Leon with suspicion, saying he was using me to "move up" in the world. All these theories rouse murderous impulses in me. It's bad enough to live in a racist society, but when someone breaks through—even if the breakthrough is partly shaped by racism—why must the *individuals* be labeled dysfunctional, rather than the culture?

I'm not claiming absolute purity of motive. Like every white person on the planet, I am infected with racism. I automatically feel a rush of fear when passing a black man on the street, followed by guilt, followed by anger at this society. My intense fear of black men

juxtaposed with my attraction to them is something I've been struggling to understand for years. I'm pretty sure the answer isn't, as some pop psych analyst might say, that I sleep with black men to confront my fear, or that the sexual thrill comes from a perceived danger—after all, I've never been afraid of the specific individuals I've slept with. But that generalized street terror persists, and is something I have trouble talking about or confessing, and that I'm almost positive I will never overcome

Sometimes when I'm with a black man I've had the fleeting fantasy that I'm "atoning" for the wrongs of the white man by loving and nurturing my partner. But this is by no means the entire dynamic, and frankly, I think my attraction comes down to simple aesthetics: there's nothing as physically appealing to me as smooth brown muscles or long brown fingers. Yes, there's the allure of forbidden fruit. Yes, there's an element of rebellion. But there is also a land beyond racism, a land where black and white skin, ignorant of division, can intertwine in a seamless bind.

Marilyn Drake is the pseudonym of a very prolific Bay Area writer.

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AT THE MOUTH

BY JACK BOULWARE

Foaming

Champagne toasts

have long been associated with accomplishment and satisfaction; for example, hard-fought sports victories, ringing in the New Year, graduation ceremonies, political celebrations or even the christening of a new ship. For generations, swilling fresh Perignon from the bottle or dumping the contents over the head of a sweat-soaked comrade-in-arms has translated into a familiar spirited message: We won! You are my friend and we must celebrate! And what better way to celebrate than by grasping a long, phallic-shaped object by its neck, shaking it vigorously until the pressure is unbearable, then rudely inserting the tip into a friend's hungry mouth (or your own), screaming with laughter as the cork explodes and sprays the vicinity with spurts of white foam. The Methode du Champagnoise, quite obviously, is the Methode du Fellatio.

And what a method it is. The metaphor applies to either sex. For women, they have an act of oral sex which actually tastes good, for a change. A familiar activity with a surprisingly pleasant aftertaste. Not the same old salty pancake batter, is it ladies? For the men, this poses an embarrassing problem: "Well, sure, I shook up a big bottle, popped it open, stuck one end in my mouth, sucked on it, then rammed the same end into the mouth of a friend, but does this mean I'm gay?"

Yes it does.

Let's go directly to the source. Champagne was reputedly developed in the 17th century French province of Champagne by a monk named Dom Perignon. In addition to being a monk with a passion for the bubbly, Perignon also was a notorious homosexual and hosted many fermentation parties at the monastery, which quickly became known throughout French society as the



Mini Heft

Dom de la Ouisse. An insidious combination of feast, dance, costumes and blind-drunk orgies, these parties find their present-day antecedents in the all-night dance clubs and leather bars of the modern gay culture. While tracing gay sex orgies back to French champagne-bottling monasteries may seem an obvious connection, upon further scrutiny, other parallels also begin to manifest.

The King James version of the Bible, Ecclesiastes, chapter 4 verse 7, sayeth "Let man drinketh the grpe, and rejoice and revel in its glow, but at the end of the evening, man must also lie in its seed." While the "grape" obviously refers to wine, examination of the second half of this passage reveals more profoundly heinous origins. The "seed,"

in this case, represents not hay, grain or even the vineyard which produced the wine. Clearly, "seed" has but one purpose in this instance: a euphemism for semen. Essentially, it is acceptable for man to drink wine, become socially drunk and happy, but he is also expected to then pass out and fall asleep in a puddle of sperm. At this point, things become more confusing. It is not made clear if the "seed" is the drinker's sperm, or someone else's. References are not specific to any drunken homosexual bacchanalia in a barn or manger, but one wonders if the Wise Men were truly wise, or just really close gay wino friends. Ecclesiastes was later stoned for simulating sex with a vase.

In 1710, the world's first commercial porcelain factory was founded at

Meissen, Saxony, a region which later became northwestern Germany. The opening celebration was accented by case after case of imported French champagne, and historians believe that because raw porcelain's soft paste bears an uncanny resemblance to ejaculate, the evening quickly slid into a raunchy festival of fellatio, converting burly men into homosexuals and innocent women into oral sex fiends. Villagers were appalled at the goings-on, and ran through the streets of Europe smashing every plate, cup and mug in sight, eventually prompting the British to begin adding bone ash to the porcelain for extra strength. To this day, a vulgar statue still stands in front of the Meissen factory commemorating the orgy, and in these enlightened times, the party has been revived to become an annual Meissen tradition.

Around the turn of the 19th century, champagne shenanigans became banned in more puritan areas of Pennsylvania, Utah and Arizona. Elders of these strict religious communities specifically forbid not only the consumption of alcohol and therefore champagne, but believed if a child came upon a barrel of bubbly fallen from a passing wagon, any ensuing horseplay with the barrel, i.e. kicking it down the street, would lead to homosexual perversion, senility and death. Those poor souls who were discovered to be dead senile perverted gays, and had *not* been in contact with any champagne, were hastily written off as "accidental." Local victory celebrations substituted the drinking of offensive champagne with a less repugnant civic project, such as a public hanging, or the burning of a nearby town.

In a 1969 locker-room interview following the New York Jets'

Super Bowl III victory over the Baltimore Colts, Jets quarterback Broadway Joe Namath drank from a champagne bottle, then poured the rest over the head of ABC sportscaster Keith Jackson. On the surface a harmless act, but a closer look reveals profound homoerotic overtones. Not only does Namath's nickname "Broadway" refer to the infamous Manhattan district of adult theaters and male prostitution, Jackson was divorced within a year of the interview, and remains single to this day. Namath eventually starred in a series of TV and print advertisements wearing women's panty hose. It is not mere coincidence that the *Thesaurus of American Slang* defines 'blow job' as a 'jet plane.'

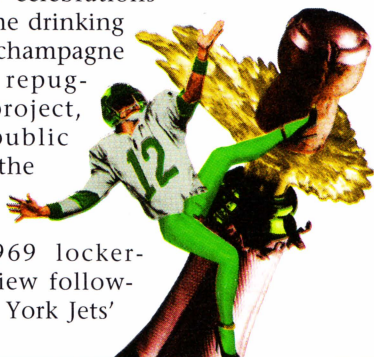
Simon Burns, editor of the gay athlete magazine *Jockstrap*, assures this theory is not new. "There are those who will deny it, but everyone knows it's only a matter of time before every athlete will admit they're gay."

"We're planning an upcoming feature on sports personalities who came out once they participated in what I like to call a 'champagne ritual,'" continues Burns. "Billie Jean King, Martina Navratilova, Lee Travino and Leon Spinks have all agreed to be interviewed. It's very exciting."

So next time you propose a champagne toast, look around you and make sure who your friends are. You never know what might happen. Richard Petty, are you listening?



—Jack Boulware is editor of the San Francisco-based *Nose* magazine and writes a column for the *SF Weekly*. This is his first champagne-sperm hysteria article.



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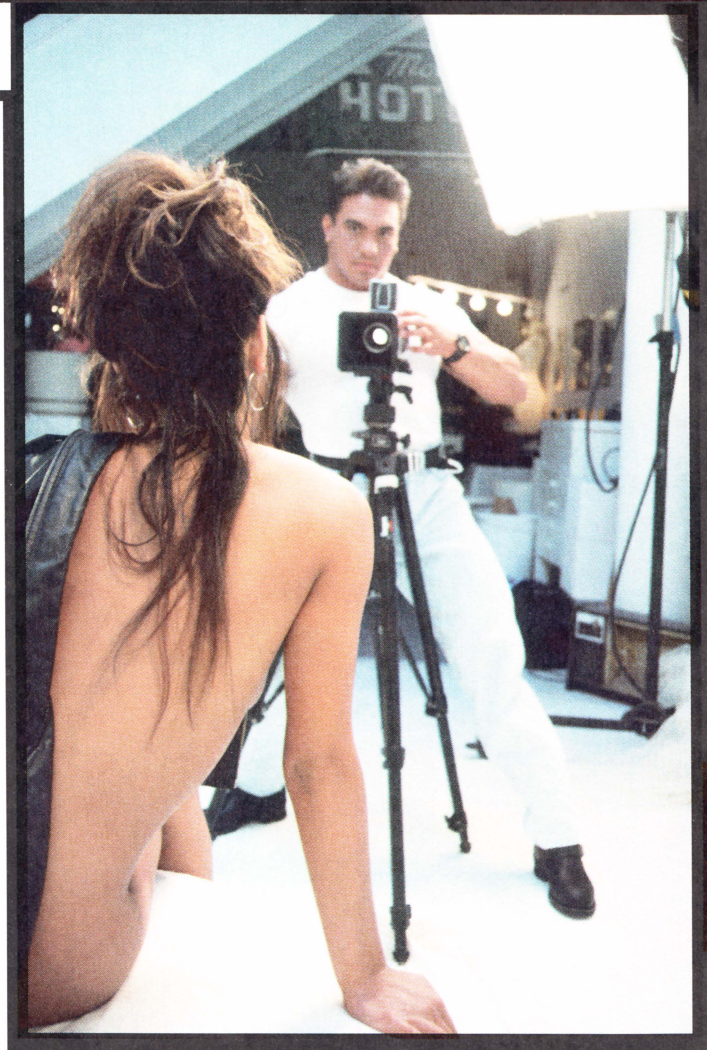
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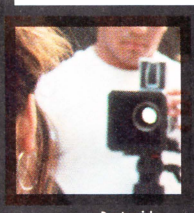


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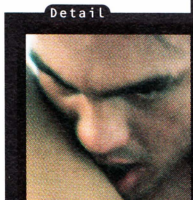
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Interview

THE

BY PAUL KRETKOWSKI AND LAURA MILLER

FUTURE SEX TALKS TO

Susie Bright started causing trouble early. As a high school student in 1960s Southern California, she joined a leftist group called the Red Tide to organize labor and demonstrate for abortion rights. By the time she arrived in San Francisco in the early 1980s, though, sexual revolution had become her favorite cause. She wrote performance pieces like *Good Girls Gone Bad* and was asked to edit a new lesbian sex magazine, *On Our Backs*. Brash, shameless and determined to offer an unprecedented vision of lesbian and female sexuality, the magazine quickly became a source of raging feminist controversy and an inspiration for sexual evolutionaries of all genders and preferences. At the same time, Bright was holding down a job as adult video reviewer for *Penthouse Forum*, a gig that made her impressively porn-literate and introduced the X-rated industry to perhaps its first feminist advocate. Since then, she has also edited two anthologies of erotic fiction by women, *Herotica* and *Herotica 2* and published two collections of her essays, *Susie Sexpert's Lesbian Sex World* and *Susie Bright's Sexual Reality: A Virtual Sex World Reader*. Her video porn show-and-tell, "How to Read a Dirty Movie" draws sell-out crowds at movie theaters across the country and Bright has plans to turn it into a book. Right now she's editing the first of a new annual series, *The Best American Erotica*, to be published by Macmillan in the Fall of 1993. Ms. Bright recently dropped in on *Future Sex* to deliver her thoughts on the sexual state of the nation.

Future Sex: Do you have a burning message? What effect are you trying to have on the zeitgeist?

Susie Bright: When I first started doing sex education, I had sort of a bohemian missionary point of view. I felt terrible about the shame and secrecy people felt about sex and that if only they could see how easy it was to talk about simple things—and how much about sex was basic physical information that you should know from the time you're little—if I could spread this good news, if I could articulate a few simple concepts about loving your body and appreciating and respecting sex with another person, that would be a good revolution to have. It still would be, but one gets a little bit too old to be a cheerleader.

When you have a healthy respect for sex, you're also in touch with the strange and dark and ambivalent parts, the ones that can't be answered with a good bottle of lubricant. That's the psychology that makes sex so fascinating. So I've become a lot more interested in the complexities of why people desire what they do, why we're aroused and inspired by certain things and offended by others—beyond the pat answers of "That's against my religion" or "I think that's sick,"—the knee-jerk reactions. Sex is shrouded in secrecy and I just cannot get over the depth to which those secrets go.

FS: What's your method for getting at all those deep secrets?

SB: Well, I'm very interested in pornography as a film genre; what it teaches us and what it says about how men and women feel toward sex. It's completely castigated as this horrible art form, no one takes it seriously—and many parts of it *are* difficult to take seriously, because often it's made with so much cynicism and an eye on a quick dollar. But even at its very worst, to me it has a lot to say. You just have to read between the lines.

FS: How would somebody go about reading between the lines of porn?

SB: The popular way to critique porn is to use it as this little lens into what *really* goes on in the hearts of men or what Americans' sexual ideas are based on. Everybody's critique of pornography, from the right wing to Andrea Dworkin to your local college professor, has been based on this cause-and-effect, simplistic arrangement. I am very cautious about that. People make these gigantic generalizations and I don't think they've seen anything but *Playboy* and *Penthouse* in their entire life. I emphasize this other point of view where you have to be more vulnerable, examining yourself and your own training as a sexual woman or man.

FS: What does porn teach you?

SB: That's like asking what does art teach you. Porn is such a big thing. It's certain kinds of sexual expression and certain kinds of people, with their clothes off

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SUSIE BRIGHT



Phyllis Christopher

doing things I've never seen in my real sex life. In some ways it's like *National Geographic*. The first time I ever saw a naked pregnant woman was in a porn magazine. Of course, she was having sex and it was really shocking. I wasn't cognizant of it at the time, but like everyone else, I had an image that when you're pregnant, you're like a virgin, you're not sexual. It was so naughty and so raw.

FS: So what you read in it was that pregnant women have sex and that some people are aroused by this, but you also saw your own reaction of being disturbed.

SB: That's right. Much later when I got pregnant, [whispers] I thought about those magazines and how naughty they were and how secretive they made me feel. I didn't want anybody to know that I'd ever looked at them and that I wanted to stare at them for a long time. I so much wanted to be alone with that magazine.

FS: Even though it shocked you?

SB: Yes, and I felt scared. It scared me, and it scared me that other people were aroused by that. They were sick! On the other hand, I wanted to scrutinize it for hours.

FS: Partly you're looking at the thing itself and partly you're looking at your own reflection in it.

SB: Yes. Like the other day a friend told me about something she saw on TV. "It was a woman running through the woods and a man was chasing her. She was screaming and he was breathing hard, all sweaty and virile. He caught her and ripped her blouse off and was humping her from behind. Then he took out a knife and stabbed her in the back. I found that offensive!"

FS: She saw that on TV?!

SB: Yes, and number one, because it was on TV, it's not pornography. Two, it's a story with such a horrific climax, it stops us from asking questions. For instance, at what point did you stop being neutral and start becoming aroused? Then at what point did you stop being aroused and start getting offended? She rattled off this whole dramatic chase, ending with all this blood. I guess we were all supposed to say "Isn't that terrible!" That's not what I wanted to say. I wanted to ask, at what point did it become terrible? Was it terrible when he



Phyllis Christopher

was chasing her, or was that arousing? Or did you feel nothing in particular? Was it terrible when her blouse got torn off? Or were both those things terrible, but when he started fucking her, was that arousing? You could have a reaction to every single aspect of that story. It's no accident that sexual titillation is used as foreplay for a brutal or horrific twist of plot. If she had just been reading a book and he started stabbing her, it wouldn't have had the same effect without that arousing material beforehand.

FS: Those are difficult questions that people don't usually ask themselves or each other, so you're pursuing a big change. A

missionary's job—even a bohemian missionary's—is to change people's lives. How do you want your work to change people on a personal level?

SB: I want to connect with people's empathy and compassion and desire so that it brings them to a greater tolerance for and insight about sexuality, which people don't normally feel so generous about. Usually they'll say, "I don't know what you're into, but it sounds pretty gross. Stay away from me!" There's a great deal of finger-pointing and a lot of embarrassment about appreciating anything erotic.

Sexual liberation isn't just that you go into your bedroom and do whatever you want behind closed doors, but that you are able to discuss any sexual topic you like at the dinner table, so that it's not just a bunch of bad double entendres and wink-wink. On top of everything else, the level of sexual discussion is a bore, so maybe I'm just trying to make it more exciting.

FS: Well, what do you think is the biggest obstacle to kick-starting some actual communication about sex?

SB: There's a level of censorship in this country that prevents what needs to be said from being said. There's also a stigma that says those who talk frankly and have some authentic sexual experience to share are worthless intellectually and artistically. Especially with women. You know, it's got kitsch value but not much more than that.

When I say censorship I'm talking about laws that say you can't say this, do this, think this, *and* also about people who take those laws and add their own extra conditions just to feel safe. "Well, we *could* show a man's penis in this film but we don't want to because then we couldn't get an R rating and sell more tickets." It ends up as this package of "Say no to sexual honesty."

FS: And what about when you're actually face to face with people. Do you feel like there's an obstacle within people's minds?

SB: It's always somebody *else* that's going to be offended. Every publisher, every critic, every printer I ever talked to is only too eager to share with me their sexual secrets and observations. But they can't publish that, print that or accept that subject because they are sure it's going to be too much for somebody else. It's like some high school peer-pressure trap that you just can't get out of.

FS: There are still a lot of people out there who feel that being a feminist and being a "porn cheerleader" are mutually exclusive.

SB: I was going through puberty at the height of the modern feminist movement in the 1970s and it was very radical, very kick-ass, very sexual. My impression of feminism from the get-go was not just abortion on demand and equal pay for equal work but also, "I want my orgasm—Now!" It was about enjoying sex, choosing your partners and considering lesbianism and bisexuality. It was sexual self-determination in big, bold neon letters.

It seemed perfectly healthy to me to take every aspect of the media, from laundry detergent commercials to Rolling Stones records to hardcore pornography, and talk about how it was run by an old boys' club with little interest in women's point of view.

In the beginning, of course, I was critical of pornography. But as things started heating up, I became aware of the attitude "It must be covered up! It must be destroyed!" of being horrified by pornography without even looking at it. It sounded more like the Carrie Nation brigade than it did the kind of feminists that I grew up with. So I was never under the impression that feminism had one voice about pornography because it never did.

FS: How do you think the public got the impression that it did?

SB: I think the media easily picked up on that because women are always supposed to be the ones keeping male sexuality in check. It's always going to be women who are the vice squad, the morality squad.

FS: Some people look at all this new interest, this explosion, of erotica and note that most of the people producing it are white. Is that true? Is this just the latest toy for white bourgeois culture?

SB: It's ludicrous when people say it's a white phenomenon because it's racist to say that only *white* people have deep sexual expression and variety and only *white* people have these insane urges to talk to other people about it. Things get talked about behind closed doors that don't hit the mainstream media and therefore it looks like a white-bread world. When you say "interracial fantasy," it's automatically presumed to be a white man imagining an illicit experience with the Other. Do people presume that black women have interracial fantasies? No. But do black women talk among themselves about interracial reactions, fantasies, likes, dislikes, criticisms, obsessions? Of course! It's just not public knowledge.

FS: It's just not part of "all the news that's fit to print."

SB: Exactly. There's a reluctance to go public with your sexual fantasies because you don't want one more white man voyeurizing, speculating, jumping on top of your sexuality before you have a chance to think about it yourself. There's also criticism from others. If

you're the first one to stick your neck out, everyone will say, "You're not representing me and you are hardly a role model for our family or our community." If there were a million images out there of multiracial sexuality, all these stereotypes would be flushed down the toilet.

FS: With the Madonna book, among other things, S/M imagery and activities are rising closer to the surface. Have they really become more acceptable or has the preference just become more visible?

SB: A few years ago I called that phenomenon "S/M lite." It's very common to see advertising for a naughty negligee with your very own furry bondage mask. On the one hand it's a big relief that things you couldn't say before without really shocking somebody in polite conversation are now up for grabs. Whenever somebody starts joking about something sexual in public it means that there is a lifting of the taboo. Does this mean that people are really understanding the ins and outs of sexual domination and submission in erotic relationships? I don't think so.

FS: Where did you place Madonna's book on the scale of outrageousness?

SB: I don't care how outrageous it was! If she had had even one photo where she was simply in the missionary position with the partner of her choice, having one little tiny orgasm or one simple yet well-felt lesbian experience, that would have sent me to the moon! Or if she had taken the risk of showing penetration or up-close genitals in a mainstream book like that, *that* would have blown my mind.

FS: Advertising has also upped the ante as far as sexual content goes. What's your take on this?

SB: I was really excited when I first noticed that influence. The very first Bruce Weber stuff I saw for Calvin Klein, it was like, "My goodness, this man is taking this right out of the pages of some gay skin magazine!" But now, I'm a little jaded. There are certain limits that no one is willing to cross. The idea that "Oh, it's just getting wilder and wilder and there are just no limits!"—Oh, yes there are. There are *very* heavy limits. Showing breasts and some guy's underwear—I'm sorry, that's not a big risk.

Sexual liberation isn't just that you do whatever you want behind closed doors, but that you can discuss any sexual topic you like at the dinner table.

FS: One frequent complaint about sexual images is that they're using sex to sell things; people are selling sex.

SB: It comes from this deceptively naive notion that sex is this pure, god-like natural fountain that can't be touched, can't be expressed, cannot be discussed. Everything in human experience is marketed and advertised to sell something. If it's desirable, it's used. I always tell people listen, if you want to have a big, rip-roaring time tearing down capitalism, I'd be happy to do that with you, because I hate money, buying, selling, gambling, the whole stinking mess. But if you're going to somehow single out sex and act like this is *the* sacred cow, that should somehow not be part of everything that's being bought and sold, it's such a lie.

FS: Your most recent book *Sexual Reality* has an essay about virtual reality's role in the future of sex. People are making a lot of predictions about what the sex of the far future is going to be like. Would you care to make some short-term predictions?

SB: I'm not a Jeane Dixon; I'm skeptical of people who make predictions. But we have a new Administration with a very different generational perspective on sex, birth control, legal abortion, premarital sex and the whole bit. It's so refreshing to have a President and First Lady who you can imagine having sex. On the other hand, people like Tipper Gore talk about being the biggest 60s music fan. It just proves that hypocrisy still rises to the top. She was listening to really raunchy lyrics and squirming in the back seat when she was a teenager, and she turns right around to her

daughter and says, "You aren't going to do that because I don't like the way that nasty black man is talking about sex."

I see changes in the idea of having unprotected sex. Sex without protective barriers is becoming extremely erotic; it's risky and romantic. Since sex has become physically more dangerous, having this sort of pure sexual experience becomes like the lost chord. I don't know what twists and turns that we'll take in the future. I love the idea of being able to experiment with sex and virtual reality. It offers you a lot of things that you aren't going to do in your life or that you have done in real life, that went really badly, and would be much nicer to try at home. Just you and your machine.

FS: That troubles a lot of people.

SB: Not me.

FS: Why not?

SB: They think that people won't want human contact anymore. Another fear is that you will lose your morality and values in a virtual fantasy, and when you come out of it you'll be butchering babies and have no sense of control because it's all just one big fantasy world to you. Those questions have also bothered me, but I think there's something about human nature that counteracts both those tendencies.

As an example, I watched a tremendous amount of television when I was a kid. I was so proud when we got the Nielsen survey in 1966 and it said "How much television do you watch a day?" and I proudly checked off 6-8 hours. I mean, can you *imagine*? It's disgusting. Now I barely have time for television. As soon as life had other things to offer, I was eager to live life and not just be in front of a TV set. Living vicariously through another medium is impossible if you have other vital options.

As far as not knowing what your limits are, some individuals grow up and don't have a very good sense of what is pretend and what is not. Even if we turned back the clock 100 years and these people didn't have any kind of technology to play with, they'd still be a menace to society. I'm not unusual in that there are strict limits between my pretend life and my real life.

FS: Is VR going to transform dull sex lives into exciting ones?

SB: If you're still too uptight to tell anybody, even yourself, what turns you on, you're not going to be able to create this perfect fantasy. There's not going to be any easy way out of not having an imagination, or a sense of sexual adventure or risk-taking. Some information has to be exchanged; that's going to be the same.

FS: So eventually there will be desktop wanking?

SB: Some of us are already wanking at our desks.

FS: Do you see any encouraging new trends at the moment?

SB: There are a lot of trends. Because of the desktop publishing and camcorder revolutions, there's a new era of erotic publishing and producing that never existed before. Now you can make your own dirty movie, make your own dirty book for very little money. And you add that to the social movements of recent years and you have an explosion in women-created erotica and all this interest in gay sex. The things that were considered too kinky to talk about before are now for public consumption.

There's been a democratization of kinkiness, where you don't have to be an English aristocrat to practice bondage anymore. You can dress in a provocative leather or latex outfit and no one thinks they have your number unless they're very naive. You're being fashionable and sexy, but who knows beyond that? Part of me is still a purist, though. I miss the days when...

FS: You could judge a book by its cover.

SB: Yes. But in terms of overall sexual knowledge and tolerance, it's much better now, in terms of mainstream acceptance of all these formerly taboo subjects.

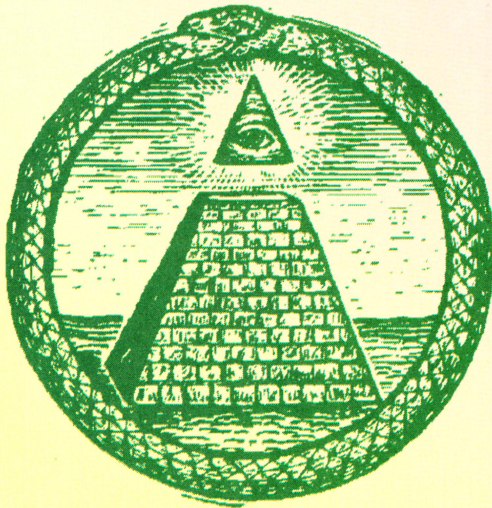
FS: If there was one thing that you could say to the readers of *Future Sex*, what would it be?

SB: Take a sexual risk. Not by throwing away your condoms or saying a dirty word, but take a real risk by confiding in someone you normally wouldn't confide in about sex. I think that's the beginning of a lot of sexual discussions. You have to speak of your own experience and stop making generalizations about sex and what people think about sex. Bring up a porn film you saw at your next dinner party.



Paul Kretkowski & Laura Miller are editors at *Future Sex* magazine.

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BY JESSICA MOTT

FROM RORI-CON TO NOZOKI-SHUMI

NOZOKI-SHUMI



Nozoki-Shumi

A cascade of white foamy suds trickles from her tiny nipples and creeps slowly downwards, finally draping itself between her soft, golden thighs. Ah, for a glimpse of the frothy water's hidden treasures! She smiles at the camera, her laugh as effervescent as her bubbly veil. Could this paragon of maidenly innocence possibly be modeling in a pornographic magazine?

Welcome to the world of Japanese pornography. A world where innocence equals sexiness, and the brazen, experienced sex goddesses of western porn are the exception rather than the rule. While Japanese video and magazine pornography is available in the U.S.

through mail order and specialty retailers in the larger cities, the heart and soul of Japanese porn remains a mystery to most Americans. And even if you manage to obtain a copy of *Men's Exciting Guide* or a video vehicle for the latest porn superstarlet from the Land of the Rising Sun, it isn't easy to find a Japanese person willing to frankly explain the alien territory you've entered. Especially if you're a Western woman. Nevertheless, I was able to coax a few valiant Japanese (and Japanophiles) into talking and the results have been intriguing, to say the least.

Perusing the pages of the typical Japanese girlie magazine, the average American porn consumer might miss some time-honored Western sexual

icons. High-heel shoes, heavy makeup and the abundance of lesbian sex scenes that have become standard in American publications are conspicuously missing from most Tokyo weeklies. These images appear in Japanese magazines, but they just aren't as prevalent as in American porn.

There's another American hardcore classic you won't find here—the crotch shot. The omission is not, as one might suppose, in deference to the aesthetic preferences of Japanese viewers; Japanese law forbids the exhibition of genitals, a restriction grudgingly adhered to by the porn industry. Pubic hair is another legal no-no, with the offending area either shaved off, covered up or airbrushed out.

Sex scenes on videotape ("AV," shortened from Adult Video, is the Japanese lingo for pornographic movies) can be explicit, as long as all genital images are digitally scrambled—like the faces of suspects in a "real crime" TV series. A frustrating tease for the viewer, it's possible to guess at what's going on, although no direct action is ever shown (what *is* that thing in her mouth?!). Because of these restrictions, electrical doo-dads and rubber thingamajigs often replace real-life Japanese naughty parts, and it's not unusual to see an AV girl happily suckling on an enormous pink plastic dildo.

Besides conforming to the country's legal standards, scrambling allows AV actresses to publicly deny that any real penetration ever takes place. Unlike American porn films, Japanese AVs can be a stepping stone for young ladies aiming for work in more legitimate media. When a woman becomes very popular in adult videos, her face appears on the covers of mainstream magazines, and companies may hire her to advertise their products, which in turn can lead to roles in straight movies or a television series. The porn actress Kaoru Kuroki, for example, became a famous television personality and spokesperson for a department store.

Just like America, however, there is always a stigma attached to women who work in the sex industry. "If I had lived only in Japan and had just met a girl who had worked in an AV, I would feel like I had to stay away from her," says twenty-four-year-old Miwa Yaguchi, who frequently viewed AVs at parties with friends and boyfriends. Her sister Saomi, a reporter for *Japan TV News*, was once approached to do an adult video. "A friend of mine introduced me to this guy. He asked me if I want to do AV...two or three days in hotel, two hundred thousand yen (\$1,400). They're really pushy. They say 'You're so beautiful, you must be a very special person.' It's easy to say yes

if you want money. A lot of Japanese women aren't conservative like Americans think they are. They have curiosity."

Lisa Louis, a sociologist who spent almost six years working as a bar hostess in Kyoto and wrote about her experiences in the book *Butterflies of the Night: Mama-sans, Geisha, Strippers, and the Japanese Men They Serve*, had some insights into the Japanese view of AV actresses. "There certainly is a stigma attached to the women who work or have worked in adult videos, but there's more of a Puritan ethic here [in America] than there. As much as it can be a

degrading business, there are a lot of women who take pride in themselves and what they do. There are a lot of women who do lose control and can't get out, but at the same time many women just want the money. Making pornographic movies is *the* way for women to make money in Japan."

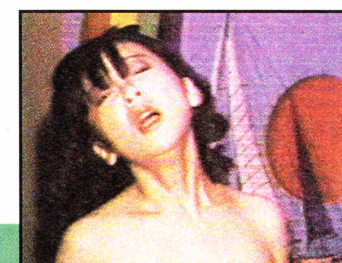
AVs can be rented or bought at most video stores, and love hotels (trysting places that rent rooms—from lavish to threadbare—by the hour to single, married and adulterous couples alike) keep

extensive libraries for their patrons to rent, as well. There are also specialty sex shops in the Kabukicho, Shinjuku and especially Yoshiwara districts of Tokyo, where more hardcore videos and magazines can be purchased.

There's no need to travel far, however. In Japan, porn magazines can be bought at any bookstore or train station. And for the shy buyer, there are the omnipresent vending machines that dominate street corners and bus stops. Japanese men enjoy their porn less furtively than their American counterparts. It's not unusual to see a man whiling away a long train journey with images of cavorting, naked nymphets spread brazenly across his lap. Restaurants often supply porn magazines for their customers to browse through while awaiting their meal (*Time* and *Newsweek*, although also available, are largely ignored). During lunch hour at many downtown Tokyo restaurants, nearly every man in the place can be seen happily flipping through pages filled with nubile flesh.

According to Louis, three types of images dominate Japanese pornography: The schoolgirl, the nurse and the bride. Of these, the icon of the young schoolgirl is by far the most widespread. Her ubiquitous smiling, wide-eyed face graces the pages of countless magazines, and her giggle and moan are an AV standard.

Alex Mizuno, a Japanese illustrator and somewhat of a Japanese porn academician, explains: "The sailor uniform of the schoolgirls is like a holy image. It's like the image of a nun. If [Japanese men] can violate that image they get excitement. Traditionally, Japanese men expect women to be passive, reserved and obedient. Women should not take the initiative in bed especially. Men like to take control. If a woman were to take the



initiative she would be inferior in some way." Mizuno makes it clear that he believes this attitude is changing in the younger generation. However, in general, traditional attitudes still prevail.

The AVs themselves reflect this attitude. Most Western porn movies include at least the pretense of mutual enjoyment. This is not true of Japanese AVs, in which the young heroine is often the innocent and unwilling victim

the centerpiece of a circle jerk. Junko, another hapless high school girl, stumbles upon the boys, who rape her, blaming her family, whom they accuse of "selling those evil books." Seeking revenge, Junko enters the evil editor's office where she denounces Yoko—and women like her—for causing the rape. Yoko's scandalized boyfriend takes her home, ties her up, whips her with his belt and rapes her as punishment. The video's plot, a concoction of rape and counter-rape, represents men as ruthless and manipulative, and women as curious victims who must be forced to enjoy the sexuality they are ashamed of.

Akimi Horii, a young college student from Tokyo who can't even begin to guess at the number of porn films she's seen, explains this type of story: "It's a different psychology than it is here in America. Most men want virgin women so that they can feel like they conquered innocence. They look down on women even when they have sex. [Japanese] guys satisfy themselves and that's it. If a girl is active and enjoys herself they think it's not very much fun. It's like they want to sleep with a mannequin...When a girl cries in a movie, it emphasizes the weakness of women. Men really like to see the girl struggle. Tears are just another symbol of the girl's innocence. To the Japanese man, it's no fun to watch a woman who really wants to do it, it's more fun to watch a woman be conquered."

Miwa Yaguchi cites a classic work of Japanese literature, *Genji Mono Gatari* to illustrate this point; "Genji was a playboy who found an innocent and educated her and created the perfect woman. Japanese men think like that...Many guys are getting more and

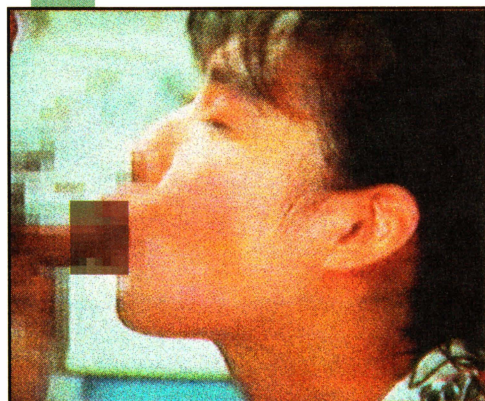
more interested in young girls because [adult Japanese] women are getting more independent. That's why men are interested in *manga* (cartoons, often sexually explicit). Most of the subjects are very young girls."

This Lolita complex, or *Rori-con* as it is known, is not

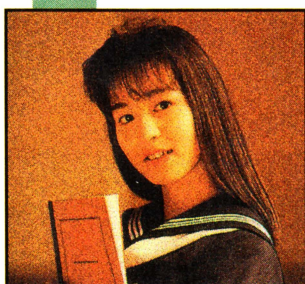
the only Japanese erotic obsession that strikes many Americans as odd. Voyeurism, or *nozoki-shumi*, is another common theme. Some magazines consist of nothing but furtively-taken photographs of girls' panties, all snapped without the knowledge of the model. According to Louis, these photos are genuine. The photographers carry a cane-like device with a camera attached to the end. They position themselves behind young women on the subway or in crowded cafes and take pictures up their skirts. "The more 'natural' the photo appears, the more highly prized it is. Pictures of torn or stained panties are the most highly valued," says Louis.

In a similar vein, an AV will often bill itself as a videotape left behind in a love hotel by a couple that was too lust-addled or forgetful to erase their attempts at amateur porn. (Love hotels often come equipped with a video camera). Photographers often frame their shots with car or bedroom windows to simulate the Peeping Tom's perspective.

Louis attributes the Japanese penchant for voyeurism to the overwhelming social constraints of Japanese culture. "It's a release...they have to walk in this little slot their whole lives. If you're in an environment in which you're not allowed to see things, you're going to want to see things with no one knowing."



▲今度はメガネを外して、よりスケベに変身だ!



of rape. These violent scenes often make use of fake blood and intricate bondage devices.

Although the actress is always naked by the time the real action starts, her partner often doesn't even

remove his pants and rarely appears without white cotton briefs. The victim in these movies inevitably falls in love with her rapist, usually becoming an insatiable nymphomaniac, ruthlessly seducing neighbors and relatives alike. Nevertheless, men control every sexual encounter, and the woman is often tormented as punishment for her wanton behavior.

Graduation Annual, a Nikkatsu Video release directed by Yoshiro Kawasaki, is a typical example. It tells the story of Yoko, an innocent high school graduate, who is coerced into modeling for a pornographic magazine by a ruthless editor. Terrified throughout the photo shoot, she eventually begins to enjoy herself—a fact conveyed to the audience by a close-up of her moist panties.

Next, a group of high school boys purchase the magazine, which becomes





Koji Kitamura, a young man who regularly visits the Shinjuku and Yoshiwara red-light districts in Tokyo, puts it differently. "People who take these photos just want to see what the girls want to hide. *Nozoki-shumi* people want to see something natural, not like a show or fiction."

Scatology, a beyond-the-pale erotic theme to most Americans, occurs frequently in Japanese porn. Photos of pale white asses squatting down to take a shit in some sylvan glade adorn the pages of many mainstream sex magazines. Among those interviewed, very little was offered to explain this obsession, but the photos seemed to stress the voyeuristic aspect of the act, rather than the turd itself.

Bestiality, strictly taboo in America, is found more often in Japan. While the shooting and distribution of bestiality videos is illegal, many of them are smuggled in from China, Korea, the Philippines and Guam. These tapes, although not openly available on video rental shelves, may be purchased through mail-order advertisements in magazines or rented from a vendor's "under-the-counter" collection for an extra fee.

Under-the-counter pornography, or *ura*, can be readily purchased for the right price. These videotapes offer everything from the most off-limits subject matter to regular hardcore movies in which the genitals haven't been scrambled. According to Mizuno, rumor has it that these underground tapes are made and distributed primarily by the Japanese Mafia, or *Yakuza*. Recent legislation passed by the Japanese Diet legalizes the importation of uncensored

videos for private use only. The effects of this law on organized crime remain to be seen.

Straightforward advertisements for sexual services also take up plenty of space in many men's magazines. Although technically illegal, prostitution is usually ignored by the authorities, as long as the establishments in question describe themselves as "health salons" or "bath houses." The ads are practically identical to the feature photos: nearly-naked girls displaying their wares with wide-eyed, vulnerable expressions. However, alongside each picture are vital stats such as name, age, measurements, phone number and of course, price. The ads highlight each woman's specialties: S&M, group sex, lesbianism, party fetishes, golden showers and scatological delights are all offered in *Men's Exciting Guide*.

Pornography provides another service besides stimulating the libidos of countless commuting "salary men" and providing an advertising format for the prostitutes of Tokyo. Japan has no equivalent to American sex-education programs, and sex is never talked about within the family. As a result, adult videos are immensely popular with the information-starved, hormone-powered high school crowd. "Porn in Japan is a kind of hidden world, but high school students talk about AVs all the time," says Kioshi Ichigawa, a film major at the College of Marin in Kentfield, California. "Many girls watch with their friends and laugh at them. Boys

watch with boys and girls watch with girls. Maybe in university boys and girls have parties and watch AVs together just for fun, but not in high school."

Kimi Horii tells us that midnight radio shows, very popular with the Japanese high school crowd, often go into detail when describing the latest AV. "They say, 'This new AV actresses is so gorgeous!...If you want to hear more—get the video!' Sometimes they'll have AV actress on as guests. It's like commercials for porn movies. These programs are how teens learn about sex and AVs."

Despite the central role played by AVs in Japanese sex education, I was unable to unearth examples of adult filmmakers who wish to turn the medium's power to progressive ends. American porn actresses like Candida Royalle and Gloria Leonard have graduated to behind-the-camera jobs where they have been able to get feminist—or, at the very least, woman-friendly—adult videos produced and distributed, and the Italian porn actress La Cicciolina was even elected to parliament. Perhaps because of the difficulty many Japanese women experience in rising to positions of executive power, similar experiments are apparently non-existent there. That doesn't mean that Japanese women aren't intrigued by AVs, and clearly there's a market should a canny entrepreneur choose to exploit it.

Says Yaguchi, "I feel that most women are curious. If I go to a party I want to watch it, even though I feel ashamed. I might say that I'm not interested, but I'm really curious...Everyone's interested in it, even if they pretend that they aren't."



Jessica Mott worked as a professional wrestler in America and Japan with G.L.O.W. She is currently finishing a degree in journalism.

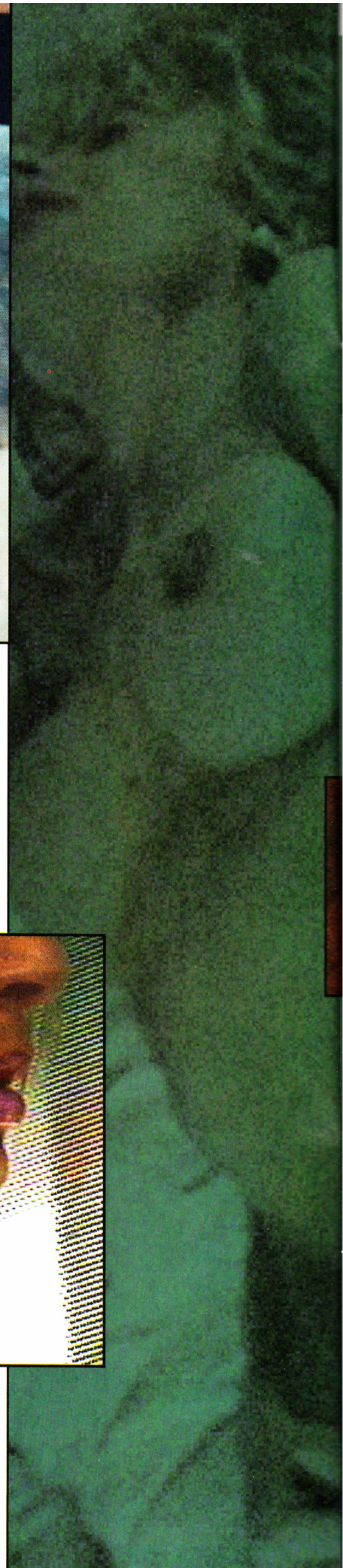
THE SAILOR UNIFORM OF THE SCHOOLGIRLS IS LIKE A HOLY IMAGE

AUTOEROTIC



PHOTOGRAPHS OF GABRIELLA BY CARLISE IMAN

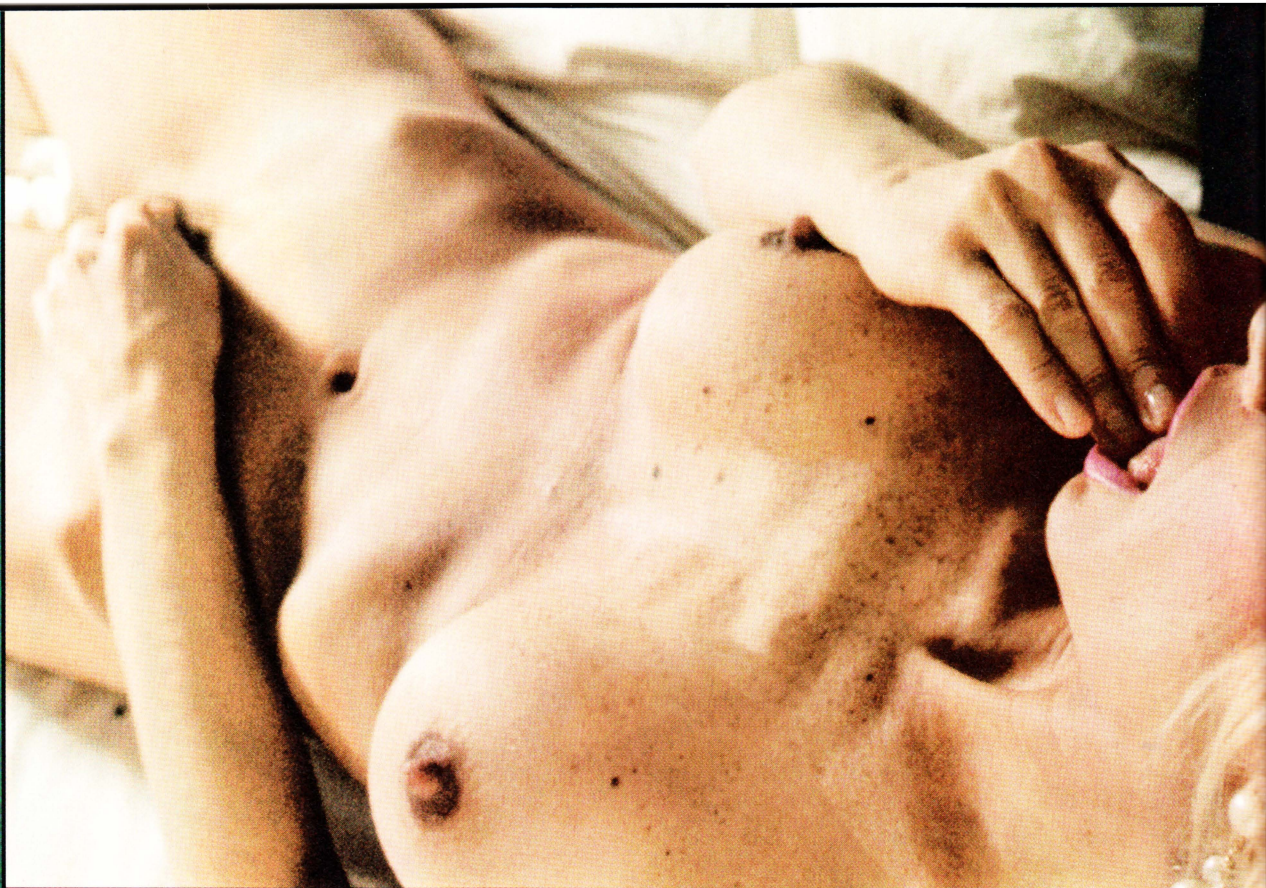


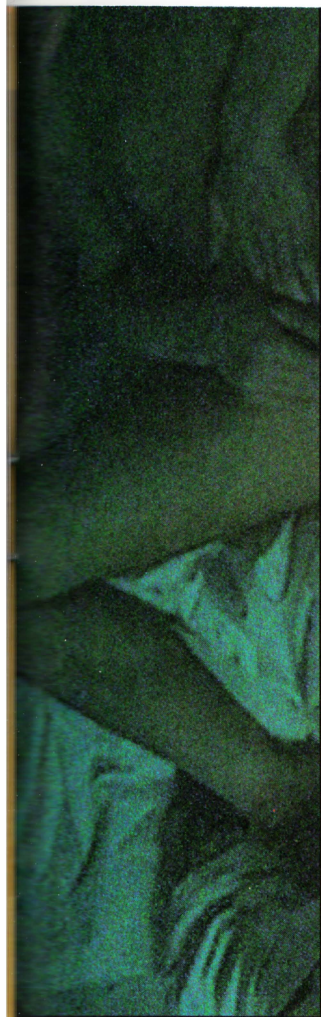














FULL

Steven Johnson



Aileen calls the room where she works the "fluorescent nunnery." All day the breath of machines stirs her hair; she suspects she is dying fast in this climate. The skin on her breasts and inner thighs has grown tough. Her hair is dry and won't reflect sunlight.

She supervises thirty women, who enter data from endless reams into their computers. Aileen sees the hieroglyphic figures everywhere. Data stream out of wine bottles, turn up in her food, and pump out of her husband's cock.

At her desk, Aileen can make herself come in twelve seconds. She can make her cunt muscles pulse in and out like butterfly wings until her vulva clenches in four creamy spasms.

When she isn't masturbating, Aileen watches the employees. A new typist has caught her attention. She gazes at the ream with mystic concentration, as if the data were a formula for ecstasy. Aileen doesn't like this woman. She doesn't respond to Aileen's progressive attitude. She wears smocks that whoosh around her, raising dust. Except for her speeding fingers, she moves with a nun's slow serenity.

Aileen prefers the girls who make crass jokes in the restroom, sneak soda cans under their desks, and fake car trouble so they can stay home an extra hour in the morning and fuck their boyfriends.

"It's Laurie, isn't it?"

The girl stands before the bathroom mirror, clenching her teeth as she adjusts something under

her smock. Aileen washes her hands rapidly.

"Lily. The name was given to me."

Of course it was given to you, idiot.

Suddenly the girl lifts her smock over her head. Aileen stares. She feels an unexpected twinge between her legs. The girl is wearing a cruelly elaborate corset, laced so tight that her waist disappears between her bulging hips and bosom. The fabric resembles black leather, only it is much less yielding. The top covers the girl's breasts, slicing into the flesh, but holes have been cut out to expose the nipples. The laces, which cross at the front and tie in the back, obviously restrict breathing. The material creaks as the girl reaches back to loosen its fastenings.

"Could you help me?" she whispers. "I've got to take this off."

Aileen reminds herself that she is hip. She has seen porno magazines. She knows about S&M. But she doesn't move.

The girl finally releases herself and lets the contraption fall. She winces, rubbing the network of red lines across her torso. Marks from a series of pointed studs inside the corset pepper her waist.

"That's barbaric," Aileen breathes.

"Oh, no," the girl protests. "It's beautiful."

"What the hell would possess you to wear something like that?"

"It was given to me."

Aileen is getting angry.

"That's the sickest thing I've ever seen!" she exclaims. She has forgotten that she is cool, open-minded.

The girl smiles. "Why don't you try it on?" she suggests. "I won't lace it all the way. They never make you do that the first time."

BY ANNE TOURNEY

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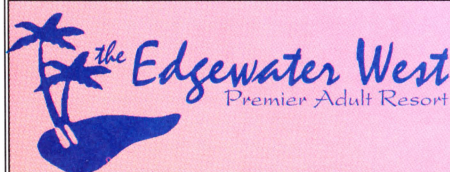
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Aileen wants to scream, but she reminds herself that she is tolerant. She is also a practical supervisor. This girl never misses a day, arrives five minutes early every morning, and does the work of two ordinary typists—all while wearing a garment straight out of a torture chamber. Aileen recalls the expression on the girl's face as she enters the mounds of data. She moistens a paper towel in cold water and presses it to her forehead.

"Back to work," says the girl cheerfully. She hoists the corset off the floor and refastens it. While the girl envelopes herself in her blue smock, Aileen stumbles into a stall. She wants to vomit, but between her legs she is thoroughly wet.

Aileen now despises Lily. With the other employees Aileen is friendlier than ever, using their slang and chatting with them about their sex lives. The girls laugh at Aileen's jokes, then mock her behind her back.

When Aileen accidentally glances at Lily, she sees the corset. When she hears Lily sigh, she knows the girl is in pain.

One morning Aileen's phone rings. All the women look up. She motions for them to go on with their work, but they keep staring. Aileen decides to entertain her audience. She poses on her desk and picks up the receiver.

"Hell-loooo?" she says smokily. The women giggle.

"I'd like to speak to Lily," says the voice. It is a man's voice, smooth as a plum.

"Lily?" Aileen recoils. "Employees can't receive calls here," she says coldly. "Talk to Lily on your own time."

"It's essential that I speak to her."

The voice gives Aileen no alternative. Lily has already risen from her desk. When the girl takes the phone, Aileen snatches her hand away. The girl listens for a moment, then puts the receiver down.

"I have to go," she says. Her tone is conspiratorial, as if Aileen should understand why Lily has to depart at the summons of a phone call, with no prior notice, in the middle of the morning. Aileen won't let her leave.

"I'm sorry," says Lily, walking towards the door. The other women stare after her.

The company has given Lily an unprecedented raise. She will return tomorrow, five minutes early, and she will continue to do so, except when a voice on the telephone orders her to do otherwise.

Aileen is furious. She sits at her desk and tries to look over some documents, but she can't read. With shaking hands, she yanks a pack of cigarettes from her purse and stalks out of the room. She lights one in the hallway, then enters the restroom.

Sitting on the floor, propped against the wall under one of the sinks, is the corset. The sinks have new, ultramodern faucets; water flows, without the help of knobs or handles, whenever hands are extended for washing. Beneath these water-saving miracles lies the corset, a medieval nightmare.

Aileen reaches out to touch it. The material is untextured and cool, but Aileen pulls her hand away as if burned. She drops her cigarette in the sink and lifts the corset with her fingertips. It is lighter than it appears, but heavy enough so that it would eventually become a burden.

She strokes the studs lining the garment, then pulls the corset experimentally around her waist, noting the sharpness of the metal teeth. A strap dangles from behind; apparently, this fits between the legs and fastens in the front. Repelled, Aileen realizes that her crotch is damp again. She should take this thing to the incinerator. Better yet, she should take it to the cops. Instead, she finds herself laying the garment down and undressing.

Standing nude, she laces the front and pulls the strap through her legs, buckling it above her crotch. She can still breathe comfortably, and the studs' pointed tips barely sting. She pulls the laces tighter and rebuckles the crotch strap so that it really digs into her. Undulating her hips, she groans at the combined sensations: the edges of the corset biting into her flesh, the studs pricking her waist, the strap abrading her pussy lips. With her palms, she rubs her exposed nipples. She grasps the strap between her legs and jerks it up and down until she comes—so intensely that she soaks her thighs.

Aileen wears the corset back to her desk, certain that someone will see the black garment through her ivory blouse. She sits down, but she can't work. The pain has worsened. The studs pierce her skin, and the stiff garment won't let her breathe. She panics; she has to remove it.

I can't stand it. Oh, God, I can't stand it.

Then she thinks of Lily, with her beatific expression. She forces her body to accept the pain. Closing her eyes, she gives in to it, becomes it. She focuses on the agony of the strap cutting into her pussy. Soon she is excited again.

She tells the typists she is leaving early. Indifferent, they continue typing. Aileen leaves without her jacket or her purse. She can't imagine why she would need them.

In the streets she walks stiffly, but with an undefinable urgency. Walking in the corset brings her to a new level of pain and arousal. Soon she has to stop. The agony is unbelievable. Leaning against a parking

meter, she breathes deeply, but the studs are fiery points against her rib cage. Her entire torso is blistered and raw. The strap between her legs feels excruciating.



car pulls up at the meter. Someone gets out and lifts her, putting her into the car.

Inside, hands remove her clothing and work at the corset. As each lace is unfastened, Aileen takes a drink of air. She has never felt anything as sweet as the removal of that garment.

"You fastened it too tight," her rescuer chides her. "The first time, you should lace it no more snugly than a life preserver."

The car's interior is large, lush and dark. Tinted windows guard her from the outside world, and another window separates the back seat from the front. Her savior strokes ointment into her flesh. His fingers tell her that, though he is now ministering to her pain, he can also inflict it. His face is scarred and pitted; he has earned his privileges.

His touch arouses her. She leans against the seat and is preparing to ride to orgasm when he stops.

"From now on," he says, "you won't take pleasure before I do. Whenever I want you, wherever you are, you will come to me."

"What if I don't?" Aileen starts to ask, but the look on his face makes her say instead, "What if I can't?"

"If you disobey me, I'll find you and weld you into the corset. No instrument can cut through that material. It can't even be burned. It's indestructible. Can you imagine how it would feel to be trapped in the corset?"

"Yes," she whispers.

"You can't go back, now that you've put on one of my corsets. You do want to wear it, don't you?"

She can only answer yes.

"You'll continue your life the way it's always been, with two exceptions. First, you will

interrupt any activity when I summon you. Second, you will allow no one but me to touch you."

His face is triangular, with silver eyes—a wolf's face. A face that demands worship. Aileen bows her head.

He unzips his leather trousers, and his cock leaps out, radiating heat. She sucks lightly on the tip. Grasping her hair, he directs her to move faster, and she takes the whole shaft into her mouth, using her muscles to massage his cock to the beat of its pulse. She tastes the ripe flavor of groin sweat. When she feels him swell suddenly, she produces a steady pressure with her lips, tongue and throat. She accepts the explosion, all salt and cream.

He turns her on her back. Still erect, he rams into her, coming after a few bullish thrusts. He sits back and replaces his cock in his trousers. Aileen moans, wildly unsatisfied.

"Do you remember what I said?" he asks. "I'll please you only when I want to."

Her cunt walls clench like a fist. Rebelliously, she tries to touch herself, but he takes her hand away.

"This time, I'll reward you," he says.

He seizes her knees, spreads them, and leans down to cleave her lips with his tongue. Removing his tongue from her steaming hole, he spears her clit with it. She comes in seconds.

"There's a war against this kind of worship," he says when they are finished. "The corset won't just transform you, it will defend you. Whenever you wear it, you're free to surrender yourself to me. No one can prevent you. I'm giving you a rare opportunity."

He eases the corset onto her and laces it around her nude torso so that its studs barely caress her wounds.



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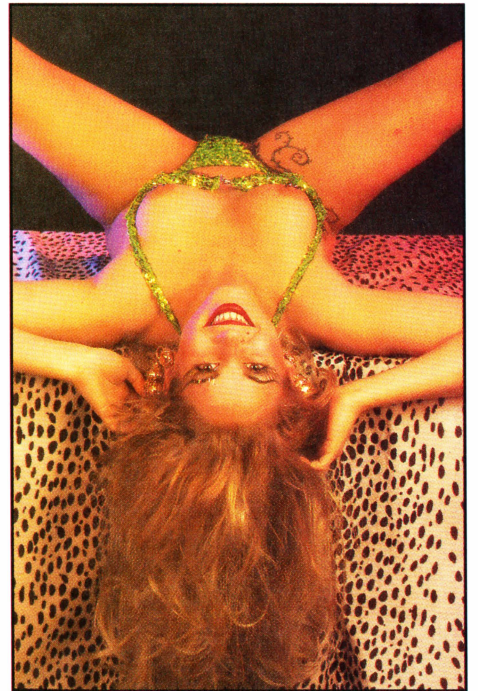
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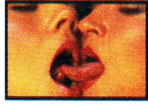
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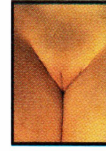
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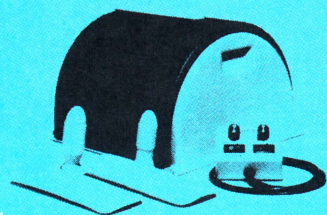
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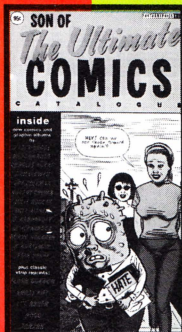
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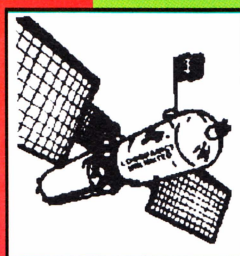
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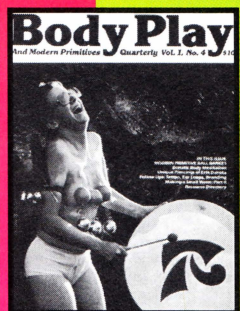
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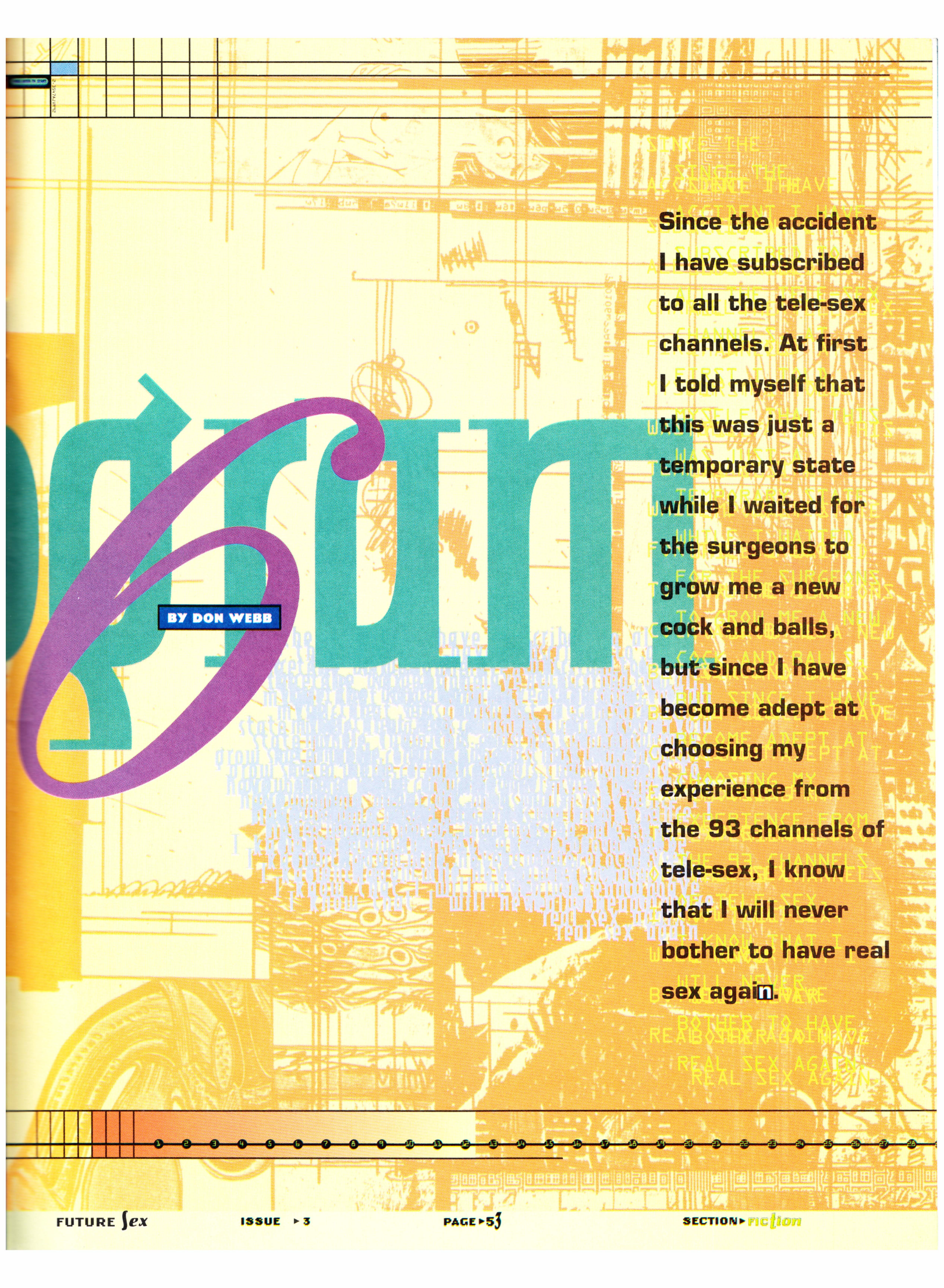
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Evan Sornstein



BY DON WEBB

Since the accident I have subscribed to all the tele-sex channels. At first I told myself that this was just a temporary state while I waited for the surgeons to grow me a new cock and balls, but since I have become adept at choosing my experience from the 93 channels of tele-sex, I know that I will never bother to have real sex again.

This afternoon I needed a pick-me-up. I'd spent four hours running an asteroid mining operation through telepresencing. I willed my robot-self to go into maintenance mode, having done enough free-lancing for the day. After a moment's contemplation of rocky Ceres turning in the ebony night of space, I switched to the sex menu. I scanned six programs till I found the new experience I wanted. In tele-sex, there are a thousand virginities to lose.

Program one featured two teenage boys copulating in free-fall in an L-5 shopping mall. I had had enough spinning for one day so I checked out the next channel.

Program two featured a man and a woman who had willingly gone two days without food or water 69ing on top of the great Pyramid under the blazing sun. I had had enough solar radiation as well.

Program three featured the languid loveplay of a school of *homo aquaticus* in the warm waters near the island of Nan Matol in their annual "Call to Cthulhu." For several moments I lingered here enjoying their under water cries of "lä Cthulhu! lä Chau-te-leur! lä Luka-lalap!" and their frisky coupling with dolphins. But the sex rites of Cthulhu are old hat for me.

Program four featured the rough and tumble sex and violence of a naked, mixed-sex rugby game.

Program five featured the gentle love-making of a lesbian couple celebrating the younger one's hundredth birthday. Four had been too violent, this was too gentle.

Program six caught my interest. It was an encounter between a tame zebra stallion and a beautiful blond

female tourist visiting Africa for the first time. I clicked from external POV to the stallion's nervous system. My physical body was in Dayton, Ohio, but I immediately became the stallion. I felt the ground beneath four hooves, the sweat on my flanks, the stinging bites of flies. I saw with the colorless vision of the zebra's eyes.

It was late afternoon and the smell of dust tickled my velvety nostrils as I approached the woman. She was topless and I put my great head between her breasts to smell the sweetness of her skin. I nudged her gently and pawed the ground. I let my

great zebra head down to her skirt and very carefully tugged at it with my teeth.

She understood and removed the skirt. I licked at her cunt, wetting the whole of her soft bush with my tongue. My tongue was great and rough and it could not only force apart her nether lips, but actually curl around her clit. I would have to tune into her tomorrow on a rerun channel. It becomes difficult to remember that I was not actually controlling the stallion's beautiful actions, but that it was an illusion created by the tele-sex channel's action on the deja-vu sections of my brain.

She leaned over me entwining her fingers in my mane. When she would come she would cry softly and pull strongly on the black tough hair. At first her cries were small amorous moans, but they grew stronger like the cries of jackals fighting over meat.

I lived for the flavor and the smell. Nothing in brain but the continuous lapping flow of taste. It was the promise of tender grass and water after drought.

When she had had enough she stepped back. She patted my head, her fingers finding the spots where the electrodes were buried. For an instant, I felt a great lust for all the others tuned into this channel whether woman or stallion.

She walked to my side patting my flanks. When she had nearly reached the back, she knelt and took my stallion's erection between her hands. She tugged gently and soon it stiffened.

After awhile she made a little cry like the wings of the owl in flight. She pulled up her loving hand and offered me the living smell of her desire. I bowed my



I knew from the expertness of her hands that she had loved horses in her native land. It wasn't as intense as the strong sucking cunt of a mare, but it was a conscious gift of love, and all sex is better from a conscious source. (For a moment I wondered at these thoughts inside the zebra's skull—did our multiple presences leak over to give him some consciousness? I saw in a blinding flash that it was so. That we were fucking the universe to consciousness—that our urge for

self deep beneath a shopping mall in Ohio felt a pang of sadness. I would never know the beautiful tourist whose sex reached out for the stallion. I could know what was in her mind, but I would never know her. I lived by touching the bare souls of others—so in one sense I experienced intimacy a thousand times stronger than my ancestors ever dreamed of—and yet I never experienced knowing anyone through time. Mine was a sex of being rather than becoming.



sex was not just a procreative urge, but a divine one to transform all things).

I felt a great pressure in my balls, almost painful, followed by a splash of warm wet relief as my spunk hit the dusty ground. The rank odor of semen and dust reminded me of trampling dried-out mushrooms with my hooves. I raised up my head and whinnied, and my mares were momentarily jealous of this interloper. For an instant my human

I clicked off the program and went back to work. It has been forty years since I have had sex in any other way. If my insurance company is correct I have ninety years to look forward to. I am increasingly unsure if I have chosen heaven or hell.



Don Webb is a frequent contributor to Asimov's, Interzone and is an authority on sex magic.

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SOFTWARE

HEAVENLY BODIES V.1

BodyCello

Requirements: System 6.0.5
HyperCard 2.1, color Macintosh;
PC compatible also available
CD ROM, \$199

If *Penthouse* printed girly pinups and you scanned a pile of them onto CD ROM, you'd have a remarkable computer simulation of a stack of *Penthouse* girly pinups. Or you'd have *Heavenly Bodies*, a HyperCard stack of 200 lush color photos of sexed-up babes, most of them tamely simulating estrus in a comfortable suburban ranch-style home, with an emphasis on airy photography, high heels, bad lingerie and pearls.

The stack is simple to use—after a quick talking tutorial for HyperCard virgins, you're into the browser, where a slide projector feature lets you browse on auto-pilot until something stokes your chimney. Then you click the "up" arrow to blow up your doll to full-screen size. Here's where it gets exciting—you ogle, maybe engorge a little, then click the picture box shut. And open another one. And close it. And so on. You can mark and copy your favorites, but you can't run the slide show at full-size, or display more than one lovely at a time

Now, for 200 bucks I was expecting a little more techie excitement, but as always, I fell for the blonde kewpie doll in a man's shirt and white socks blowing on a cup of coffee in an immaculate white-tiled kitchen. Or, in the next shot, blowing on the *New York Times*. But just when I'd convinced myself it wasn't that boring, the guy sitting next to me launched two simultaneous QuickTime scenes from *Buttman* with full scrumping soundtracks, and *Heavenly Bodies* seemed like a shiny new anachronism.

—Keith Hammond

MALE MODELS

Gazelle Technologies, Inc.

System Requirements: System 6
Mac 8-bit color, 2 Megs RAM
(Also available in 24-bit and PC versions)
\$39.95

If you've ever seen playing cards that have nudie photos on the back, you know where Gazelle Technologies got the idea for its *Male Models* software package. These images of hunky, sporty (and white) men lounging around in various poses are the size of baseball trading cards and nearly as traditional except for the fact that they're available on your computer.

The models (five disks, five dudes to a floppy) come with file names like "Plot Jacket" or "Surfboard" and showcase bare-chested men in shorts or clothes with various degrees of tightness and cling: some bulges, no genitals, but lots of tanned pecs. On the naughty scale, they don't really register—you could find the same kind of stuff in a mass-market, *Tiger Beat*-type calendar at B. Dalton's and safely give it to your grandmother.

But to gripe about the lack of kink is to miss the point. Erotic software is still a new medium for porn and one in which male images are underrepresented. And while *Male Models* may not be the software that gets you off, it's more than adequate as a workplace diversion. Just double-click on "Helpless" or "Yellow Shorts" whenever those spreadsheets get to be too much.

—Heather Mackey

NIGHTWATCH

Interotica

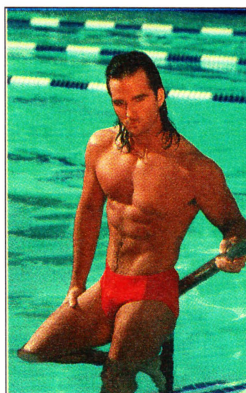
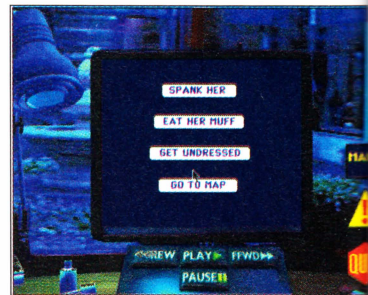
Requirements: System 6.07
4 megs RAM, color Macintosh
CD ROM, \$79.95

Imagine the old days of being a voyeur without the aid of technology. No binoculars, infrared detectors, high-speed film or hidden cameras. You'd resort to poking tiny holes in doors and risk getting a sliver in your eye. Not to mention fumbling with your zipper and leaving behind tell-tale trails of soggy Kleenex as you dash away from the sound of approaching footsteps. Now all you have to do is hit the panic button on your personal computer and erase all traces of your kinky little *I-Spy* routine.

Nightwatch is an interactive CD ROM full of risk-free digital voyeurism. Your monitor becomes the surveillance monitor at a beach-front apartment complex. The security guard asks if you'd like to accompany her on her nightly rounds. Yes or no? Say yes and peek at all the horny tenants humping in the bed, on the beach, on the boat. With each peek, the femme guard asks permission to peel off more of her Smokey the Bear-style uniform, until she gets busted by her boss, Dick, and ends up getting a) spanked, b) her muff licked or c) fucked. Your decision, of course.

Featuring Taylor Wayne and several other SoCal sex stars, the QuickTime snippets of live action are graphic, if conventional, and offer fastforward and rewind options. While the overall production values (well-rendered 3D animation, slick fades and dissolves) reflect an eye on more than just a quick buck, the interactivity falls flat. Once you've exhausted a few multiple-choice options, it's the same game over and over. Imagine digital porn where you select the stars, direct the action, choose the camera angle and even write the dirty talk. Now that's interaction.

—I. Castle



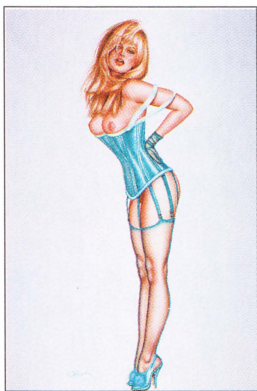
without slowing down the already clunky proceedings. It's rather recalcitrant as wacking material goes. There's more fun to be had in Photoshop, where you can resize, retouch, zoom in on the fetish of your choice or add extra sex organs, but you can't save or print your deviant designs.

OLIVIA: EXOTICA-ROM

Gazelle Technologies, Inc.

Requirements: System 6.0.7
5 megs RAM, color Macintosh
PC compatible also available
CD ROM, \$199

She kneels on a pillow in sheer black thigh-high hose and spike heels, looking over her shoulder at you, the still image of her smile almost real; you want to see more. Click once and zoom in. Scrolling down the



screen, you're surprised by an elf laying beneath her, face-deep in muff. Click on the slide show and you're whirling through the whimsical and sensuous world of artist Olivia De Berardinis.

Exotica is a collection of over 200 penciled, painted and airbrushed girlies (8-bit or 24-bit PICT). Although De Berardinis' work is often compared to Vargas, whose satiny figures seem so distant, De Berardinis feels that the women in her paintings "touch and want to be touched." She depicts an array of images ranging from tattooed, zebra-striped women to classic 1940s translucent lingerie shots, all created with the modern woman in mind.

Exotica provides an easy-to-follow tutorial, a HyperCard interface to quickly preview everything in black and white and a QuickTime movie that features De Berardinis being interviewed and working with live models. (Note: On some CD ROM drives the audio may be out of sync and thus incomprehensible. Save the file onto your hard drive to get better sound quality.) A working version of Photoshop is also

provided (minus save and print functions), allowing you to manipulate the images any way you please. Just remember who owns the copyright.

Since men have traditionally painted women in erotic poses, De Berardinis' work defines a new erotic arena that delves into her own female eros for unique inspiration. With covers for *Heavy Metal* and *Playboy*, De Berardinis' intimate portraits are a sight for both male and female eyes.

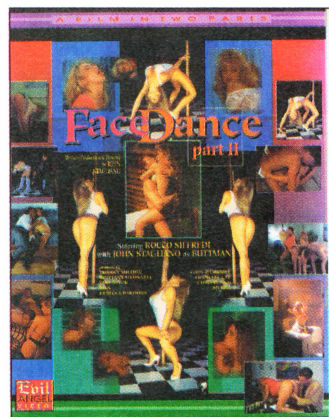
—Amanda Wilson

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human sexuality and its resultant fallout. The characters live and breathe in a manner exceedingly rare for porn; even the smallest bit parts or stunt cocksman are portrayed in a telling, human way that shames the cold automaton-like picture scrawled in crayon that we're usually allowed. Director John "Buttman" Stagliano gets the best out of almost every actor and actress he works. His sex performers are portrayed as real people, but also as the best fucks you could imagine.

The plot begins with porn actor Dario (Rocco Siffredi) trying to make the jump into legit film. Lots of entertaining convolutions ensue, with plenty of room along the way for Stagliano to express his philosophies of the body, mind and heart. His own supporting role as Buttman is a twist on all the previous incarnations of the character. Before, Buttman has only pretended to be an outsider looking in; here, he and real-life smut directors Bruce Seven and Patrick Collins are truly the outsiders. They're the pornographers, the merry forces of chaos that disturb a delicate structure of hypocrisy and seek to draw Rocco up the Hollywood ladder.

Face Dance I & II are the commercial porn films of 1993. Don't miss them.

—David Aaron Clark

HIDDEN OBSESSIONS

Directed by Andrew Blake
Ultimate Video

Andrew Blake's glossy and pretty, if passionless, films are perfect for those who want the refined aesthetics of primo softcore with the close-up action of hardcore. It's a combination that works best when the sex is kinky or imaginative. In his latest release, *Hidden Obsessions*, two of the lesbian scenes—one employing an ice dildo and the other tricked out in the vintage-cheesecake style of Bettie Page—could kickstart a few fantasies. Yet another girl-girl segment, filmed underwater in a swimming pool with a cloudless L.A. gorgeousness, has little authentic heat. The hetero scenes follow the standard lick-suck-fuck formula in a series of sumptuous interiors, featuring an entire catalog's worth of Victoria's Secret lingerie. Minimal dialogue, dispensable "plot,"



top-notch photography and supermodel-beautiful actresses continue as Blake's signatures. He earns pluses for keeping the silicone to a minimum, but he could have spared us Randy West (who'd be neck-and-neck with Jerry Butler as porn's most repellent actor if either of them had a neck). For people who see porn as "sleazy" primarily because of poor production values, this should be a treat, but don't expect it to tap into any deep, libidinal wells.

—Laura Miller

POISON IVY

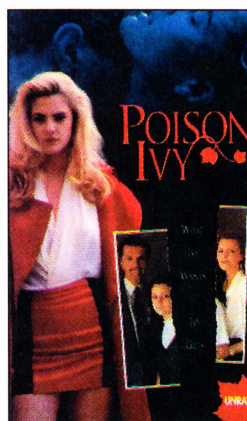
Directed by
Katt Shea Ruben
New Line
Home Video

Slow motion: the technique may be overused but in this film the result can't be overrated. Ivy lounges on a rope swing overlooking a grand cliff in the slo-mo master shot of director Katt Shea Ruben's *Poison Ivy*, oozing sensual perfection.

The film's gaunt storyline—poor trashy Ivy (Drew Barrymore) befriends wealthy wallflower Coop (Sara Gilbert)—takes an appealing turn as Ivy moves in and makes moves on the entire Cooper clan. Coop admits, then denies, then admits to a budding lesbian attraction to the erogenous-driven Ivy. The two cuddle, coo and caress but only until the final scenes do they share their probing tongues.

Speaking of tongues, Ivy sets hers on Coop's dad. They dance and grind while his bedridden wife sleeps. Ivy gingerly shoves her stiletto heel into his groin. Ten inches away from his slumbering wife and ten seconds after their slippery kiss, he drives his face into her crotch. The scene's a tease; you never actually see his mouth sucking her. Surmise; after all, it's not X-rated.

It's raining, it's pouring and Ivy's love life is not boring. She and the dad are in a forest fucking on top of his car. Water, water everywhere and, yet, this contrived scene leaves you dry. But, on



another hotter, rainy night, they are standing stark while he takes her from behind. Good things don't last forever. He pulls out when his daughter walks in and you're left a little blue, too.

It's not the lovemaking that's so spectacular in this movie, it's Drew. Her curvy body lasciviously fills the screen. Barrymore is Ivy in heat, and you watch, touch and sigh with lustful zeal.

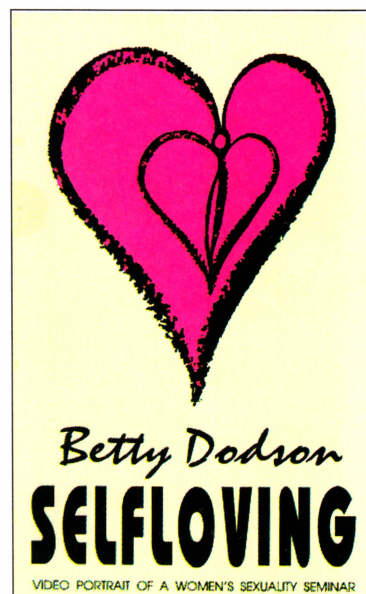
—Allison Diamond

SELFLOVING

Directed and produced by Betty Dodson

A video version of Betty Dodson's legendary women's sexuality seminar, *Selfloving* is an inspirational—and timely—reminder of the rewards of exploring and cultivating our sexual ABC's. Essentially, Dodson teaches ten students, of various ages and body types, how to masturbate for maximum orgasmic results. The exercises include breathing methods, sexual positions, pelvic movements, vibrator techniques and a charming "genital show-and-tell" where each woman takes a good, long look at the beauty between her legs. The (literal) climax is an impressive, if overlong, group multiple orgasm-fest that ought to be required viewing for porn filmmakers and fans who could use a refresher course in authentic female ecstasy. Dodson—stunningly radiant at 60+—is the best possible advertisement for her own orgasm-a-day program. Her nuts-and-bolts physicality and earthy humor provide a tart counterpoint to *Selfloving's* vague mystical leanings. Encouraging, upbeat and available for only \$45 (includes shipping and handling) from Betty Dodson, Box 1933 Murray Hill, New York, NY 10156.

—Laura Miller



RECORDINGS

THE ART OF THE BAWDY SONG

The Baltimore Consort and The Merry Companions
Dorian Recordings

The brilliance of *The Art of the Bawdy Song* lies in its irony; beautiful Renaissance music, coupled with tongue-in-cheek lyrics about fucking and farting—the first classical music CD with a Parental Advisory sticker.



The “bawdy” lyrics, written some 300 years ago by musicians, including Henry Purcell, mainly employ double entendres. They contain some explicit sexual references, but by today’s standards even the nastiest seem like Merry Old English dick jokes.

The recording features a dozen instruments skillfully played by The Baltimore Consort, a sextet specializing in 16th and 17th-century European music. They’re joined by an all-male vocal quartet, The Merry Companions, who sing on most of the English madrigals, catches and rounds.

Songs such as “The Old Fumbler” poke fun at the easily exhaustible penis, and make premature ejaculation sound downright charming. “Walking in a Meadowe Greene” offers, *Then off he came, & blusht for shame soe soon that he had endit...*

A fart-centered tune, “Pox on You”, opens with a few loud belches, and asks, *...cannot I belch and fart...what if I let fly in your Face...?*

Unless flatulence is your main turn on, “My Man John” is the mostly likely of the 33 songs to stir your sexual fantasies. It begins with, *My man John put his thing that was Long into my maid Mary’s thing that was Hairy. My maid Mary then stirr’d it about, till with stirring and stirring at length it came out,...and gets even juicier.*

Anyone into classical music, scatological comedy or carnal delights will enjoy *Bawdy Songs*. It’s so tastefully tasteless that even Tipper Gore could handle it.

—Holly MacArthur

CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS

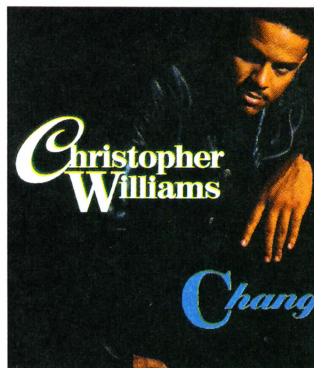
Changes
Uptown/MCA Records

Christopher Williams is coming from a soulfully smooth and steady place.

His second release, *Changes*, is full of lush and romantic ballads, “songs that allow me to express myself in a sensual, sexual way,” he explains. Slow and easy, there is little resistance in his music; his voice emulates a pleading Teddy Pendergrass. Williams, nephew of Ella Fitzgerald, combines familiar R&B phras-

ing with an excess of soul searching on “When A Fool Becomes A Man” and on the title cut. Aside from this heart-wrenching muck, there is a seductive sincerity to this record. Choice sensual picks are the single “All I See”, his rendition of “Come Go With Me” and the raspy-breathed “Don’t U Wanna Make Love.” He’s at his best when he’s courting in his deep, alluring voice, inviting the listeners to close their eyes and share his love—*seriously!* There is no debauchery in *Changes*; it’s dreamy, it’s vanilla, it’s a candle lover’s heaven.

—Allison Diamond



Solution and Contours of Darkness, Norman Mailer wrote, “I’ve always read Marco’s work with interest and I have the highest opinion not only of his talent but his intellectual boldness.” His work was also praised by Kate Millet, Saul Bellow and sexologist John C. Lilly, who described Vassi’s effect as “rather deep. His own experiences recounted are the best examples of wisdom through excess I have ever come across.”

Marco Vassi was a philosopher of eros, the most important figure in American erotic writing up until the time of his death from AIDS in 1989. His novels are being reissued by Permanent Press this year, introducing him to a new generation of readers who were in elementary school when Vassi was living his own one-man metasexual revolution. But Vassi was also a superb speaker

on sexual themes, and evidence of this gift is, alas, only to be found now in *A Driving Passion*, transcriptions of a series of lectures he gave in New York in 1975.

By turns witty, charismatic, moody, childish, intellectual, spiritual, sensual and ascetic, he was an inspiring teacher, drawing from his

own experiences in bed and out. *A Driving Passion* is vintage Vassi.

—Michael Perkins

THE PLAYBOY

By Chester Brown
Drawn and Quarterly Publications, \$12.95

Masturbation, no matter how enlightened we seem to get, remains a taboo among men. It’s quite acceptable to talk about it in a bragging and bawdy way — “Hell, I flog the flesh whenever I get a spare forty seconds!”—but you’ll seldom hear an honest and direct discussion of this activity in which most men indulge. That makes Chester Brown’s latest graphic novel, *The Playboy*, all the more significant.

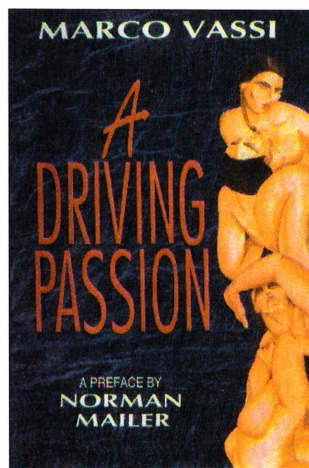
An autobiographical tale, *The Playboy* takes the reader inside the mind of a fifteen-year-old boy just coming to grips with his

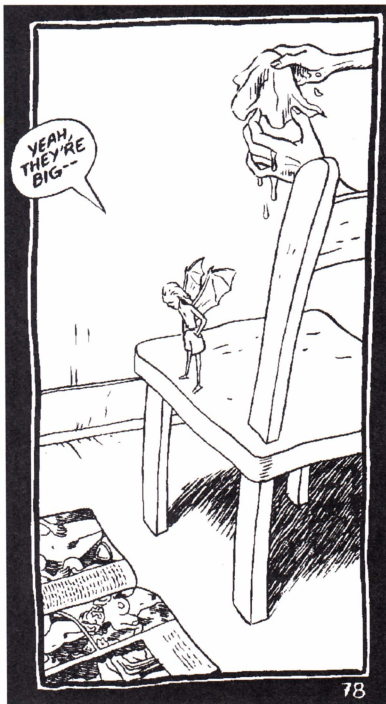
BOOKS

A DRIVING PASSION

By Marco Vassi. Preface by Norman Mailer
The Permanent Press
\$21.95

When Marco Vassi’s first novel, *Mind Blower*, was published in 1970 by The Olympia Press in New York, Olympia’s Maurice Girodias announced: “The mantle of Henry Miller is now on Marco Vassi’s shoulders.” After reading Vassi’s novels *The Saline*





sexual longings. Narrated by an omniscient author (drawn as a leather-winged, miniature adult Chester) the story begins when Chester buys a copy of *Playboy* magazine and is soon trapped in a battle between his conscience and his autoerotic desires. Each issue purchased becomes an exercise in secrecy, paranoia and creative disposal. The patterns Chester established

not for Chester Brown's formidable artistic skills. His people, though caricature, have a realistic subtlety of expression and movement that gives credence to the text. Not to mention the odd method of masturbation depicted therein. Settings are successfully conveyed with both boldly inked shadows and fluidly drawn architecture and landscapes. Simply put, Chester Brown is a pioneer, and although his hands may have been shaking, his gaze could not have been steadier on this poignant and familiar chapter of his life.

—Paul Kimball

PRIMITIVES

Charles Gatewood
Flash Publications, \$50

Making a bona-fide family album out of what could be considered a body-art diaspora, Charles Gatewood's photographs of pierced, tattooed and/or otherwise decoratively played people give a unified face to the



as a teenager return again and again, extending into his adult life and affecting even his most recent relationships.

The writing is excellent, but the story would not be nearly as effective were it

self-described movement of "primitivism." Primitives consider themselves those who "look to ancient sources for 'primitive' answers" to the numbing effect of mainstream consumer culture. The text

the HOT the COOL and the UNWATCHABLE

THE ADULT VIDEO INDUSTRY PRODUCES A FEW GEMS AND A VERITABLE AVALANCHE OF STINKERS EVERY YEAR. SINCE LIFE IS TOO SHORT TO WASTE 80 MINUTES ON A BAD FUCK FILM, HERE ARE A FEW BRIEF RECOMMENDATIONS:

WHERE THE GIRLS PLAY (Coast to Coast): Sex star Bionca makes her directorial debut in this supernasty all-girl vid about a bunch of "lesbian" strippers who spend their time fucking each other when business at the Miss-Demeanor club gets slow. The ultra-mod Madison (what a nifty pierced tongue!) steals the show with her filthy, dirty talk and strap-on expertise, although Aja's fire-dance runs a close second. See it.

BEND OVER BRAZILIAN BABES (Evil Angel): For two hours and twenty minutes John "Buttman" Stagliano and his pals Rocco Siffredi and Felipe cruise Rio looking for the best asses. If you speak Portuguese, you're in luck. Otherwise be prepared to put up with Stagliano's stupid macho commentary in English coupled with run of the mill sex. Only worth it if you love to lambada.

SODOMANIA II: TALES OF PERVERSITY (Elegant Angel): This quartet of dark and kinky tales features surprisingly intense acting and tight scripting editing. Tiffany Mynx fries synapses with her foot-seduction of Roscoe Bowltree, ending the scene with something you've probably never seen before. The overall effect is kind of like the Alfred Hitchcock (amateur) Hour, but with sex.

RAINWOMAN 5 (Coast to Coast): A weird twist in the meeting of porn formula and Mother Nature makes the women's orgasms the only genuine thing in this cheapo shot-on-video "squirt" a.k.a. female ejaculation movie. A cornucopia of painful dialog, idiotic "plot", cheesy costumes, rock-hard tit jobs, barrel-bottom production values and bad, bad, bad acting.

DEEP INSIDE DIRTY DEBUTANTES VOL. 6 (4-Play): Ed Powers is the only authentic porn documentarian extant. A cross between Margaret Mead and funny old Uncle Fred, he fearlessly barges into bedrooms from Southern California to Thailand, armed only with a handcam and an endearingly undersized penis. The results are often funny, sometimes uncomfortable and always highly erotic.

THE AUCTION (Bizarre): Straight porn starlets Ashlyn Gere, Flame and Porshe Lynn take a walk on the vile side in this moody but drawn-out bondage video, shot on location at New York City's infamous subterranean S/M club, The Vault. The "plot" is built around a slave auction, but auctioneer George Payne comes off as an obnoxious twerp rather than a dominant master of men and women.

THE BEST BUTTE IN THE WEST (Coast to Coast): This moderately amusing farce about a New York PR woman promoting a Montana bar caters to rump (not sodomy) fanciers. Star/director Brandy Alexandre betrays her take on sexual politics by making nearly every sex act part of some kind of transaction. Some raunchily enthusiastic sex scenes enliven the shot-on-video proceedings.

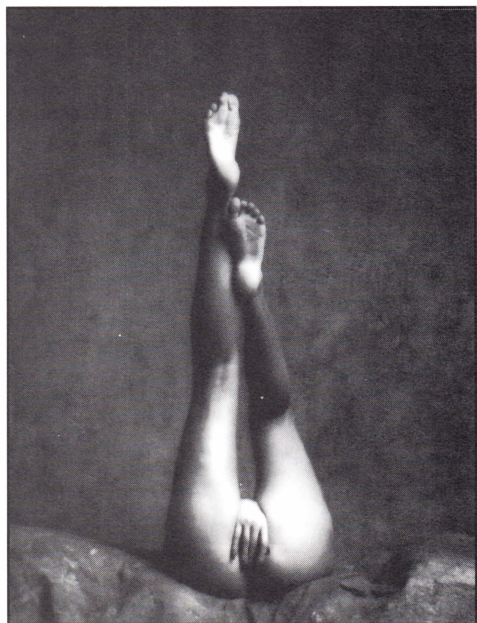
HOUSE OF SLEEPING BEAUTIES (Vivid): XYZ plays a tormented painter who keeps hallucinating about a remote house with two sleeping women and a bunch of peevish guys in towels; a sure sign that he's been breathing turpentine fumes. So, apparently, have director Paul Thomas and screenwriter ZYX, the perpetrators of this incoherent mess. One amazing sex scene with Jamie Sommers, two men and six anal beads provides the only electrifying moment in this snoozer.

BONNIE AND CLYDE (Vivid): Inspired, no doubt, by the producers' access to some handsome vintage automobiles, this X-rated recap of Arthur Penn's 1967 classic traffics in every white trash cliché. Several above-average sex scenes and consistent plot and characterization battle with a some lousy performances, lame dialog and the fact that you've seen this story fourteen times before. The result is a draw.

SPLATMAN (Hip Video): Find a copy of this tape before it's pulled from the shelves. An amateurish takeoff of *Batman Returns*, it features a sweaty lesbian strap-on scene between a masked Madison and former GLOW girl Tiffany Million, as well as a frantic fuck between Patricia Kennedy and Cal Jammer in a cheap Batman suit. Time Warner was not amused but you might be.

may read like touchy-feely New Age prose, but Gatewood's photographs cut to the quick. High contrast both in content and shade, they combine the dignity of Edward S. Curtis' Navajo portraits with a dramatic, obsessively symmetrical composition that pays visual homage to the primitives' doctrine of harmony and "healing."

Although the flesh is sacred and mass culture profane according to this book, Gatewood turns the tribe into coffee-table confection as easily as others before him. No matter. The primitives, like the rest of us, aren't immune to the products of the last 20 years—there's an eerie whisper of Stevie Nicks in the frosty eyelids, black lace and dyed blonde wisps of a pregnant woman holding



white lilies. But Gatewood's photographs replace the more contemporary punk and MTV images of nose rings and nipple piercings with a cultural/sculptural approach that renders bodies of all shapes—pregnant, distended, lumpy or thin—as classical forms. The yin/yang mood of the book is heavy, but allows Gatewood's "primitive" pinups to scorn convention while fitting gracefully inside his book's margins.

—Susan Gerhard

STUDIO NUDES

Craig Morey
Penthouse y
\$25

(Also Available at The Booksmith
in San Francisco)

Plate 25: An Asian woman sits totally naked on a marble square against a pale grey background. Long dark hair covers her breasts. She's got the bottoms of her feet pressed

together, her hands locked on her knees and her knees wide apart. Not smiling, not frowning, she's looking right at you; right into you. Sexual power and no shame. This is sexual portraiture at its best.

San Francisco photographer Craig Morey has spent several years photographing erotic dancers for *Penthouse*, and *Studio Nudes* is a collection of

much of this work. In the style of Richard Avedon, Morey brings his subjects into the studio. In front of the same seamless and crumpled drape, illuminated by the same soft, dewy lighting, each woman defines herself. Some are erotic abstractions, others are high-fashionesque and every one is glamorous. However, the strongest images are the ones that bypass posing and reveal real sex. Well-toned bodies trimmed with lace and leather are sensual, yet nothing compares with a rare glimpse of sexual honesty. It's a look in their eyes, an expression on their lips, a gesture that spells vulnerability, complexity, tenacity. This book gives a few of these glimpses, and the rest is simply very pretty.

—I. Castle



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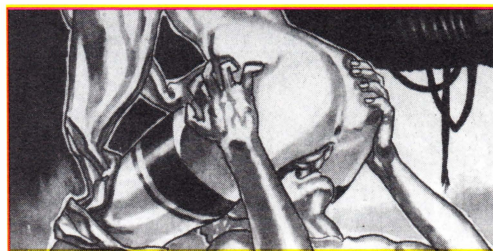
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TALK DIRTY

Matthias Schultheiss
Eros Comix

Talk Dirty is hardcore filth. True smut, total porn. It is very powerful stuff. The power, however, doesn't come from Matthias Schultheiss' graphic depictions of sex but from the intense psychological sex-play between his characters; a man and a woman, known only as M. and W.



The couple heads to an abandoned shipyard crane for an all-night scrump. They flirt, each one trying to be more mysterious than the other. When they finally reach the sanctuary of the crane, the sexual tension is solid. W. demonstrates early on how easily she wields sexual power by boldly pissing in front of M. A game ensues, M. defines the rules as "I can do anything to you, but as soon as you scream I'll stop." The banter is hot. They circle coolly around one another, undressing piece by piece.

M. and W. inhabit a grimy and cold world. Expressionist influences are evident, from the exaggerated facial expressions and dark shading to the menacing presence of shadowy machinery in almost every scene. The sex is convincingly rendered, highlighting such details as the give of flesh under excited fingers. But Schultheiss is less convincing when he introduces a third character, a man halfway through a sex-change operation. Here, the power struggles give way to physical experimentation and the sex, despite its new kinks, becomes repetitive. *Talk Dirty* works best when it examines the different ways in which men and women express sexual aggression. Sexual fires—and

fantasies—ignite when there's war between the sexes.

—Paul Kimball

TRICKS: MORE THAN 125 WAYS TO MAKE GOOD SEX BETTER

Written and published by
Jay Wiseman
Jay Wiseman, \$11.95

Most sex manuals are remedial handbooks written by doctors and aimed at helping couples deal with impotence, premature ejaculation, orgasm problems and so on. For years, people with satisfactory sex lives who sought tips on enhancing their pleasure have had

to settle for Alex Comfort's notoriously pathetic *Joy of Sex*. Wiseman, author of several other self-published sexuality resource books, has taken desktop publishing technology in hand to correct this dire situation. *Tricks* includes hints on souping up your masturbation, fellatio and cunnilingus skills, briefs on little-known erogenous zones, easy-to-implement sex games, safe sex and clean-up tips, advice on light bondage and interesting uses for a variety of flavored potions—all gleaned from Wiseman's male and female friends, just regular folks like you and me.

In fact, it emulates the down-home, recipe-swapping approach of *Joy of Cooking* far better than Comfort's book ever did. *Tricks* even has an extensive listing of information resources in the back. Although decidedly low-tech with its plastic comb binding, this book embodies the best access-oriented possibilities of desktop publishing—so much so that we get kinda choked up about it. For more information, send a SASE to Jay Wiseman, P.O. Box 1261, Berkeley, CA 94701.

—Laura Miller



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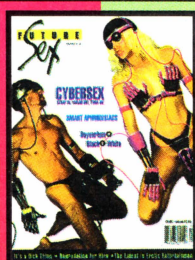
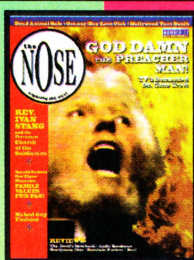
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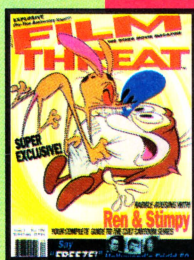


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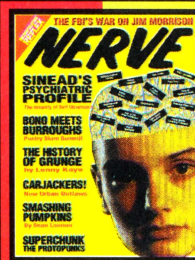
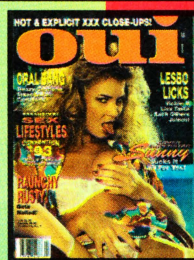


HIGH TIMES is the leading voice of the American counterculture, covering alternative music, investigative reporting and cultivation techniques, while telling the truth about hemp: a good source of paper, clothing, fiber, fuel, food and medicine.

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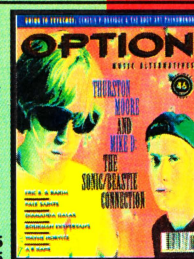


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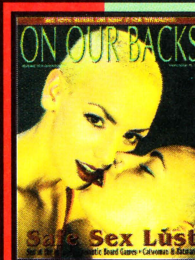
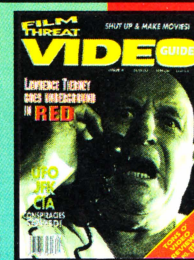


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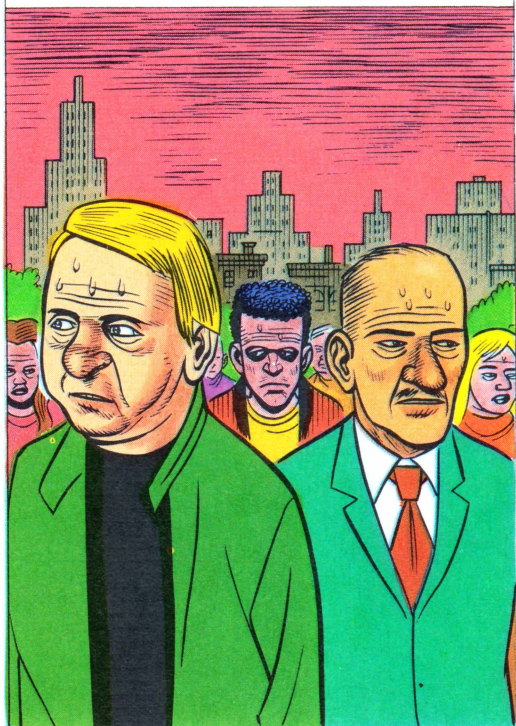
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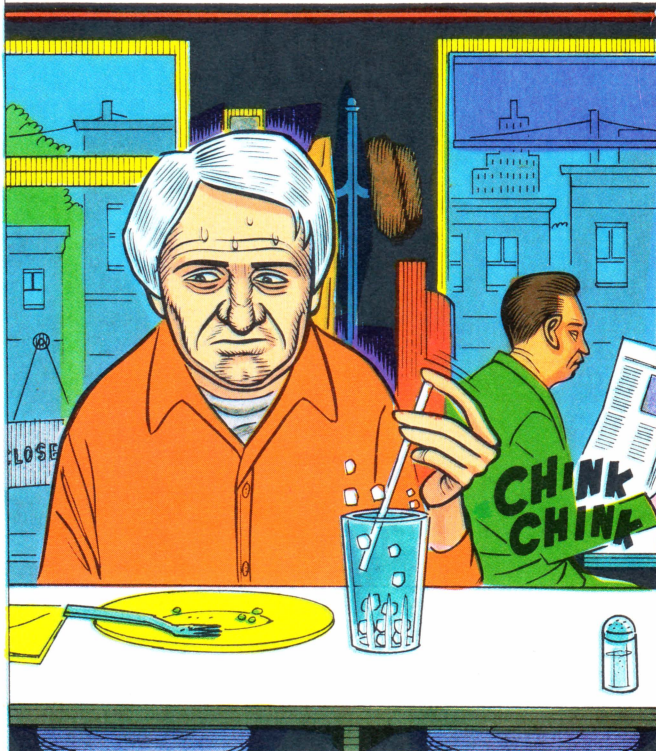
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SEXUAL FRUSTRATION

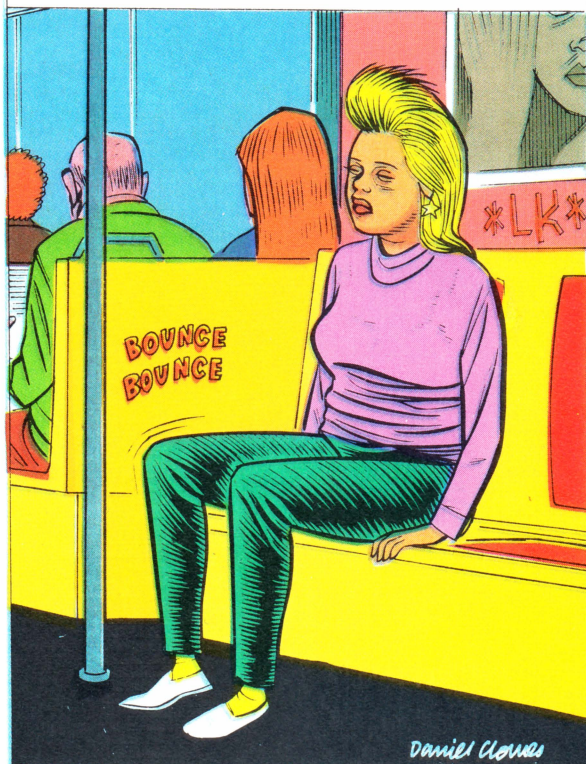
It's EVERYWHERE! Have you noticed? I mean, just look around. Doesn't ANYBODY GET LAID ANYMORE?



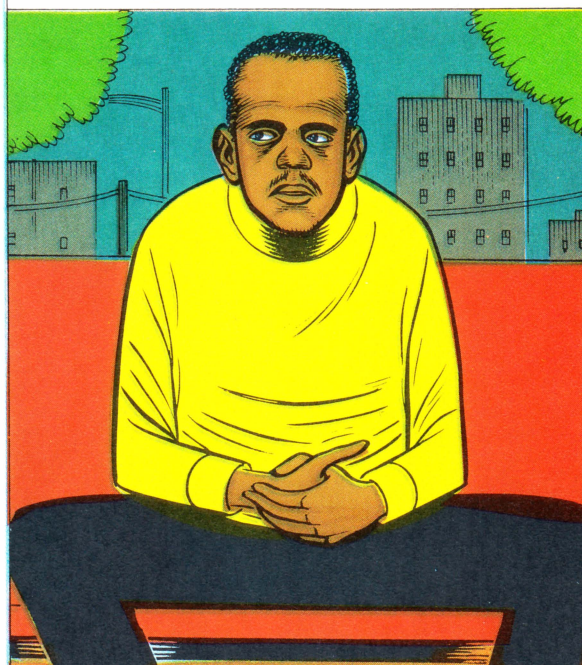
Take this guy for example, rhythmically poking his ice with that straw... What's HIS story?



Or her... is she aware of her sublimated sexual gesture? I doubt it!



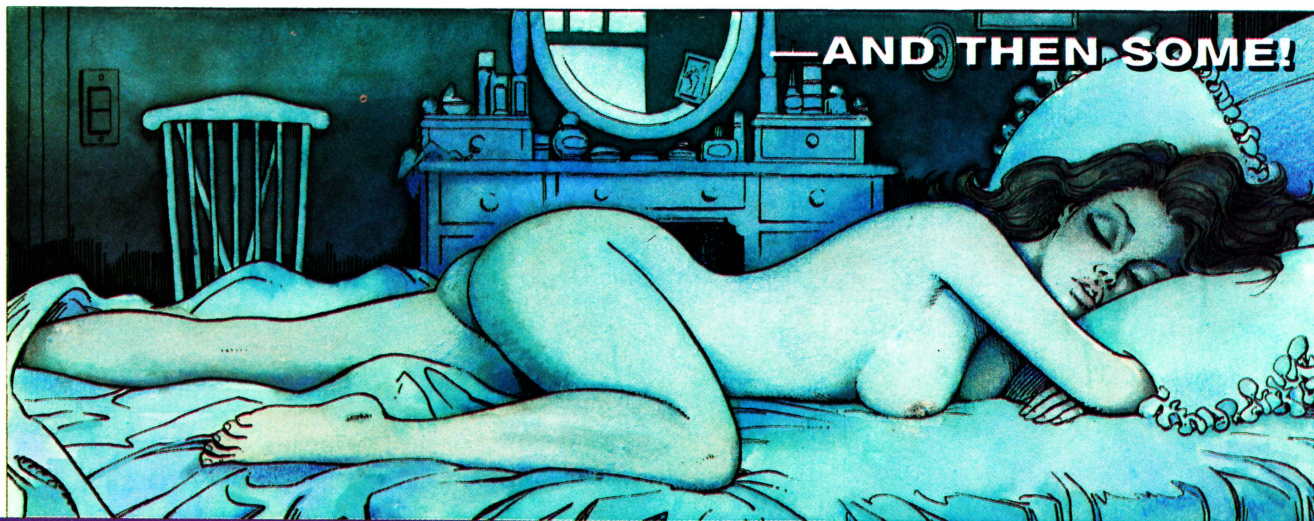
And what about this guy? He must be REALLY DESPERATE! Such an overt gesture! Why doesn't he just take his THING out and wag it around, for Chrissakes! What's the problem with people these days? What is it, this AIDS thing? What??



Daniel Clowes

Daniel Clowes is the writer/illustrator of the brilliant and often surreal comic book Eightball, as well as creating record jacket art for a whole bunch of rock bands.

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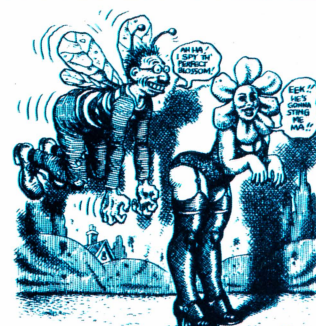
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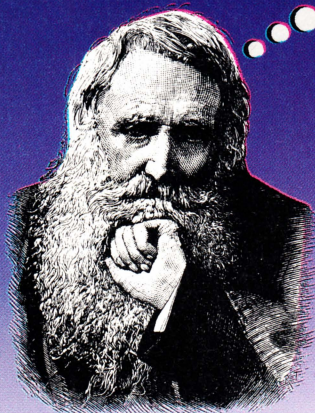
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